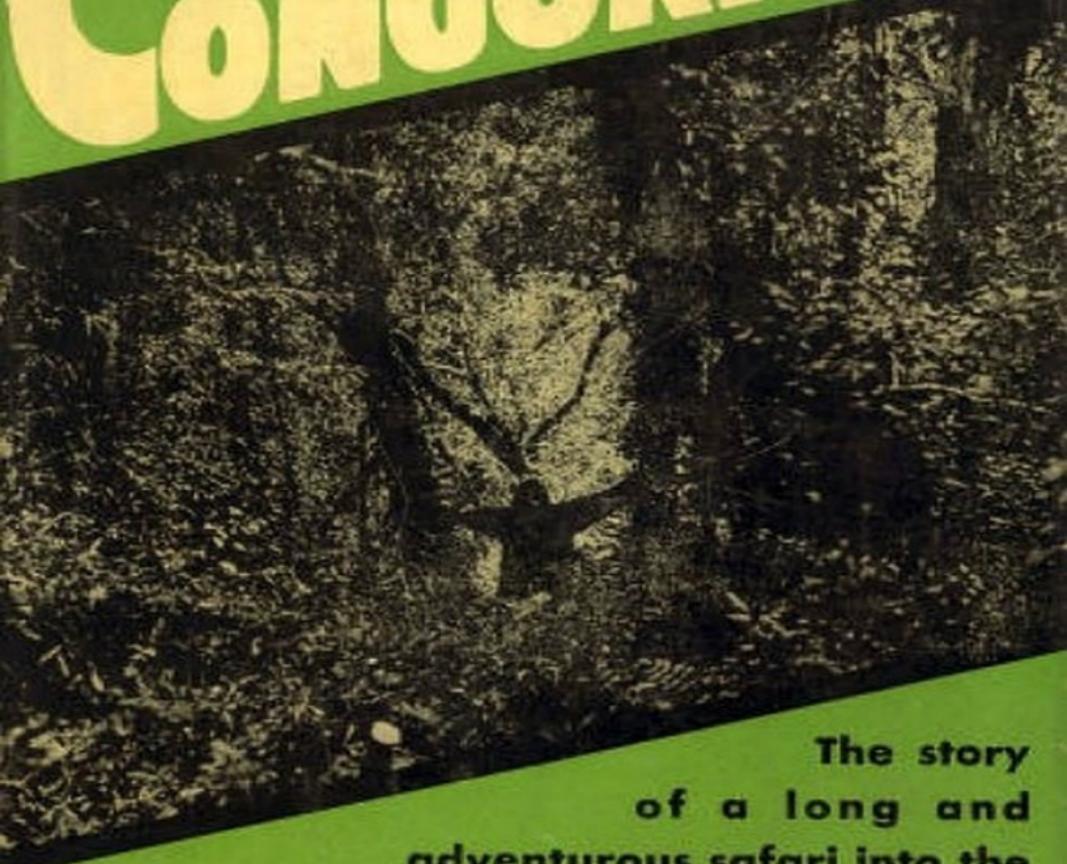


# CONGORILLA



The story  
of a long and  
adventurous safari into the  
Belgian Congo where the author  
and his wife spent two years studying and  
photographing pygmies and gorillas.

**By MARTIN JOHNSON**



This fellow came screaming out of the jungle at our approach, beating his chest as he came.

# CONGORILLA

**Adventures with Pygmies and  
Gorillas in Africa**

by

**MARTIN JOHNSON**

*Author of  
"Camera Trails in Africa" "Safari" "Lion"*

**With Thirty-two Illustrations**

London

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.  
*Bombay and Sydney*

*First published 1932*  
by GEORGE G. HARRAR & Co. Ltd.  
*39-41 Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2*

Printed in Great Britain by Sherratt & Hughes  
at the St. Ana's Press, Manchester

Dedicated With Respect  
To  
**THOSE BELGIAN OFFICIALS**  
In Africa and at Home  
Whose Generous Co-Operation  
We Do Deeply Appreciate

# Contents

- CHAPTER I Africa Calls Again
- CHAPTER II Red Tape And Teeming Waters
- CHAPTER III The Little People
- CHAPTER IV Getting Acquainted
- CHAPTER V Osa Brings Them In
- CHAPTER VI The Pygmy City
- CHAPTER VII How The Pygmies Live
- CHAPTER VIII Hearing Central Africa
- CHAPTER IX The Gorilla Quest Begins
- CHAPTER X The Lions' Lullaby
- CHAPTER XI The Handcuff King
- CHAPTER XII Plans Change At The Mission
- CHAPTER XIII We Meet The Hairy Apes
- CHAPTER XIV Catching Them With The Camera
- CHAPTER XV A Family Fight
- CHAPTER XVI The Mountain Without A Top
- CHAPTER XVII We Go Broke In Africa
- CHAPTER XVIII Gorilla "Hounds" Ans A Dizzy Hunt
- CHAPTER XIX We Capture Gorillas Alive
- CHAPTER XX Another Capture - Almost
- CHAPTER XXI Gorillas In The Garden
- CHAPTER XXII A Zoo All Our Own
- CHAPTER XXIII A Real Home In Africa

CHAPTER XXIV Six Feet And Six Inches From Death

CHAPTER XXV We Bring Our Menagerie Home

## Illustrations

This Fellow Came Screaming Out of the Jungle

The Crew That We Took From Nairobi Into The Congo

One of Our Two-Ton Trucks

Map Showing Route Into the Pygmy and Gorilla Country

Crocodilles on the Victorian Nile Near the Murchison Falls

Noonday At a Kaisoot Desert Waterhole

'Deelia' Before the Microphone

Early Morning in the Ituri Forest

A Typical Pygmy of the Ituri Forest

A Family of Pygmies in the Ituri Forest

We Measured Several Hundred Pygmies While in the Ituri Forest

Our Motorcar and a Few Pygmies

A Pygmy Drummer in the Ituri Forest

A Typical Village Scene in the Dense Ituri Forest

Osa Made This Picture on the Ituri River

These Game Traps Are Found Throughout the Ituri Forest

A House-Keeping Problem

Adinnie

When We Approached, This Rhino Was Asleep

Hippos on the Rutshuru River

The Hippo spends the Night Grazing and During the Day Lies in the Water Asleep

Pygmies With Okapi Skins That They Brought Into Our Camp For Sale

The Peak of Mount Mikeno as Seen From our First Gorilla Camp

Mount Mikeno as seen From our Dining Tent

Mount Mikeno From the Forest

An Area Over Which Gorillas Have Been Feeding

Kalaikoki, the Kikuyu Chief

Osa and a Kikuyu Girl Amused at the Camera-Man

'Ingagi' and 'Congo' Soon After We Captured Them

This Gorilla, Probably a Female, Was Asleep in the Dense Underbrush

Tumbu, our Little Colobus Monkey

Osa and 'Chai' With a Baby Monkey

Carl Akeley's Grave in the Saddle of Mount Mikeno

Karasimbi From our Camp Near Carl Akeley's Grave

Flamingos on the Shores of Lake Nakura

Adinnie's Father

Our Home in Nairobi

Bee-Bee and Okaro Retired for the Night

# CONGORILLA

## CHAPTER I

### AFRICA CALLS AGAIN

High up where the cold grey wastes guard the mountain slopes of Mikeno and Alumbongo there lives the gorilla, that hairy ape of which strange tales are told. Snatching screaming women from the beds of terrified husbands ; mating with humankind to bring into the world creatures half beast, half man; kidnapping black boys to rear in the manner of mountain marauders—these are some of the stories told of the little-known gorilla. All bosh, of course, but there is some source from which these persistent fancies originate.

And in sharp contrast the Ituri Forest in the same dark continent of Africa—a land of shadows, chill, and fog, wherein the little people dwell—those joyful pygmies who go through life with a song on their lips and on dancing toes, with never a care or worry to mar the even tenor of their way. It is the kind of country to attract that mythical traveller, Gulliver, whom I followed through pages of adventures with the Lilliputians on rainy days of my boyhood.

Two scenes of adventure that caught my fancy many years ago were these, and so to visit them was the purpose of our latest safari into Africa, that primitive country which both Osa and I have learned to love so well.

Gorillas, huge apes of the mountain-sides, long have held the interest of men of science and adventure. Those who have delved into the mysteries of evolution have studied these animals in hopes of finding a missing link between man and ape. Difficulties that beset the traveller who would reach their haunts challenge the adventurer. Most of all, however, it was the widespread reports of the human attributes of these beasts that proved such a potent attraction to me.

I have spent many a pleasant hour before the fireside discussing gorillas with my good friend the late Carl Akeley, who had trailed these apes for years. His stories of adventures on the mountain slopes fired my imagination. There are only four apes. I had owned and had studied each of the other three species—the Orang-outang, the Chimpanzee, and the Gibbon. A desire to penetrate the habitat of the biggest of them all was the lure that beckoned me on toward our latest motion picture junket.

In laying our plans Osa and I decided to realize two of our ambitions on one safari, and for that reason routed our line of march to include the pygmy

country on our way to the mountains of the gorillas. We had often contacted the Little People on our trips to odd corners of the world. They are found in the interior of New Guinea, and many years ago we became friendly with a tribe on the island of Santo in the New Hebrides group of the South Seas. This time we determined to reach the heart of a pygmy land of Africa where we could find these primitive people living their natural lives, untouched by the influence of civilization and the world of modern man. So, with our plans all perfected, we sailed away from New York to our home in Nairobi, British East Africa.\*

\*Nairobi lies 334 miles inland from Mombasa, on the East Coast of Africa. It is 5452 feet above sea-level, on a beautiful plateau where the weather is never too hot and never cold. The climate in this delightful city of 50,000 inhabitants makes Californians who visit it filled with envy.

Our adventure began with three experiences that augured well for our success. We were forced to delay the big safari until our equipment was completed, and in the meanwhile made a preliminary journey into the Serengeti Plains of Tanganyika in order to fill some gaps in our moving-picture record of the wild life of that territory. There we met with three opportunities that stand out as unusual in the history of game photography.

One of the rare films we were able to obtain pictured a group of wild dogs sunning themselves peacefully in front of a wooden donga. These brown and white cousins of the American wolf are notoriously wild, and they hunt in packs, dodging the vicinity of man. They have a reputation for ferocity also, but this group permitted us to approach within twenty feet.

The dogs apparently were little concerned as we stood close to them, grinding out foot after foot of film. We were making some excellent pictures when suddenly a line of giraffes streamed out of the donga behind the pack. The dogs leaped to their feet, wheeled about, and raced away in a mad pursuit of the herd. It was a memorable sight, and a rare pictorial opportunity.

The second bit of striking composition was that of a herd of Grant's gazelles in a grove of crooked trees that looked like a gnarled apple orchard. Late afternoon sunlight was filtering through the branches when we arrived. There were about four hundred gazelles, strangely calm and unafraid. We got close enough to them to use a fourinch lens. I have photographed thousands of gazelles, but never before found these shy and lovely subjects so sociable.

Less spectacular than the other two pictures, but in some ways more affecting, was the film of a giraffe only half an hour old, which tried to toddle after us on his frail, wobbly legs. The mother, frightened by our approach, had scampered away, hoping to distract our attention from the baby, to whom she had not yet had the opportunity to teach the lesson of fear. She waited anxiously in the distance while we took picture after picture of her trusting offspring. Then we left, and ended her maternal worries.

On our journey into the plains we were accompanied by George B. Dryden and his son, Eastman Dryden. Mr. Dryden's previous adventures had been in Alaska and Canada, and helping to build up the industrial and financial structures of the world of business. He proved a true blue sportsman on the African game trails, as did his son.

It was raining, and the ground was mucky as we pushed across the plain. At times it seemed as though lakes of glue were clinging to the wheels of our motor cars, and there were occasions when all hands had to get into the mire and help shoulder our cars out of the mud. Through all of it the Drydens maintained their cool, calm, well-balanced demeanor. Never once did these two men, strangers to safari, show signs of irritability or temper. In the evenings Mr. Dryden proved a splendid campfire companion and often lifted us out of the gloom. He and Eastman obtained some excellent motion pictures of their own, too.

After two months of excellent sport on the plains we returned to Nairobi, re-outfitted, and pushed on to the Northern Frontier district along the Abyssinian border of East Africa, where we spent two more months photographing elephants, rhinoceros, buffalo, and other game indigenous to the Kaisoot desert. Then back to Nairobi, where we made final preparations for our long-awaited safari into the Belgian Congo on the trail of the pygmies.

As the rainy season lingered on most of the roads in Kenya Colony were impassable, so we got ready to ship our motor cars by rail to Uganda, where highways are passable all the year round. Our motor fleet included seven cars, all of Willys Knight manufacture. They had aluminum sides and tops, expanding metal equipment, and padded, cork-lined containers for the transportation of films, plates, and delicate cameras. The two camera cars were especially designed for taking pictures as we drove, one of them being equipped with a microphone to catch sound effects. Osa's machine, the one we used most, could carry almost a ton of gear.

We had, also, two 2-ton trucks and two one-ton trucks with bodies of our own design. One of these contained a dark-room with shelves, drawers, a sink, a 20-gallon water tank, two folding beds, a built-in gas stove, and as many home conveniences and luxurious appointments as we could build into it. In their completeness and serviceability these seven cars represented twenty years of experiment with safari motors and bodies.

With us on this Congo safari were Richard Maedler, sound-camera man; Louis Tappan, in charge of the sound equipment; and De Witt Sage, who took care of the upkeep of our cars and photograph equipment. Young, healthy, and with plenty of stamina, De Witt proved a valuable companion. He was interested in natural history, and it was through his efforts and enthusiasm that we obtained some of our best gorilla material. In the party also were twenty-one picked black boys, including two cooks, personal boys, drivers, headmen, and gun-bearers. Many of these had accompanied us on safaris for eleven years.

Just as we were leaving a friend gave us a tame, half grown, baby monkey, and later we picked up another, which we named Elanor, after a woman she resembled. Both of these animals were beautiful Colobus monkeys. The little one had a prodigious appetite, and kept herself stuffed with food. Because of the prominence of her stomach we named her Tumbu, the Swahili word for stomach. Instead of proving troublesome on our travels these monkeys were an ever-present source of entertainment. They were happy, affectionate, and playful. Always on our stops they attracted a crowd of interested spectators.

We arranged with the railway people for a private car for ourselves and flat cars for the transportation of the motor equipment. Everyone connected with the road did everything possible to assist us, and I was grateful for the splendid co-operation and courtesy extended to us all along the line. The first night on the train, however, proved one of misery for me. The railway was of the narrow gauge type. Our train ran downhill and round curves at such speed that our heavily-laden cars swayed and lurched from side to side. Every minute I feared that one or more of the trucks would break loose and go hurtling into a ditch. Such an accident would have been a real calamity, and would have held up our safari, or perhaps have ruined our chances of completing the trip altogether. With such unpleasant thoughts for company it is little wonder that I endured a sleepless night.

Nothing untoward happened, however, and after two days of wearisome, uninteresting travel we reached Tororo, in Uganda. Our trip might be compared to that of a one-ringed circus; every time we stopped a crowd formed to inspect our covered motor cars. We turned the monkeys loose to play and the natives gathered round, wondering, I suppose, why we were carrying monkeys through a country alive with such animals. Railway men also enjoyed our brief visits, which offered respite from their daily routine.

At Tororo we filled our cars with petrol that we had sent on ahead, and soon were driving along smooth Uganda roadways. We went to Jinja and along the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza to Kampala. Just four days after leaving Tororo we drove down the escarpment to Butiaba, on Lake Albert. This is a wretched, barren spot where the heat boils up in waves of sticky steam. However, it was the port where the two Lake Albert steamers berth, the *Samuel Baker* and the even more diminutive *Livingstone*.

The barge we had reserved by wire to transport our equipment across the lake was waiting for us, but the *Samuel Baker*, we learned, would not be ready to tow us for several days. At the dock we found workmen busy assembling the *Robert Coryndon*, a new steel ship of about 1000-tons capacity. This boat was built in Scotland, put together and tested there, then it was taken apart and shipped, piece by piece, to Butiaba, where workmen were putting the Chinese puzzle together again. On our way back we took a short trip on this boat, which proved to be a wonderful improvement over the two ancient craft that have been in use for many years. This new ship was equipped with electricity

and all modern conveniences. When placed in use, however, it was found that the ship drew too much water to enter most of the lake ports, and lighters had to be employed in the loading and unloading of passengers and freight.

While waiting on the *Samuel Baker* we decided hastily to take advantage of the exceptionally low water on the Victoria Nile and the dry weather at Murchison Falls to run up there for some pictures. Osa and I had visited Murchison Falls some three years before, and considered it the richest crocodile, hippopotamus, and elephant habitat in Africa. The delay provided us with an excellent opportunity to park our equipment and prepare it for shipment to the Congo side of the Lake.

At Butiaba we found waiting the safari equipment that we had shipped ahead from Nairobi weeks before. This consisted of 150 cases of petrol, oil, and grease for our cars; almost a hundred cases of foodstuffs; outboard motors, tents, guns, ammunition, and other supplies. This was in addition to nearly ten tons of paraphernalia, which we carried on our motor cars. The marine officials assured us that we could charter the *Samuel Baker* two weeks hence, and as she could not carry all of our equipment over by one trip, we decided to take most of the crates, boxes, and six cars across to Kasenyi, the port of entry for the Belgian Congo, park them there with sufficient crew to look after them, and return to Butiaba for our trip up the Victoria Nile.

Finally, when all was ready, our barge was fastened to the *Samuel Baker*, and we started across the lake at four o'clock in the afternoon. Lake Albert, about one hundred miles long and about thirty miles across, is one of the roughest bits of inland water in the world, and of course we had to run into a fearful storm. More worry for me. We had left one of our cars in Butiaba as well as some camping equipment and an outboard motor for the Victoria Nile trip, but the rest of our stuff was on the barge. Through flashes of lightning I could see that lumbering craft pitching and heaving on wild, splashing waves. Here was another chance for us to lose our possessions, and as the night wore on I resigned myself to the worst. The report of Captain Gray about a petrol barge being struck by lightning and blown to pieces in a similar storm a week prior to our crossing failed to lift my depressed spirits.

However, all things must end somehow, and after what seemed an eternity we reached Kasenyi, on the Congo side of Lake Albert, safe and sound, about ten o'clock in the morning, our trucks still tightly lashed to the barge. Here the Belgian officials examined our passports, and I filled out two sets of customs papers—one for the apparatus on which I was to pay duty (this to be refunded when we left), the other on such foodstuffs, chemicals, and cartridges as we would use in the Congo. The officials were most amicable and eager to assist us in every way.

Our next job was to unload our motor cars from the barge and park them in the rear of the Kasenyi hotel, a one-story brick structure that boasts a single guest-room, a huge bar, and many crowded tables. Four boys were left to guard the machines while we returned to make the Falls trip.

Kasenyi is a Belgian replica of Butiaba, and even hotter. Small wonder that the populace sought relief from heat and boredom by coming aboard the *Samuel Baker* at sunset and making merry. It gave them an opportunity for a change of environment, however brief, and a contact with other white people. The hours before the boat steamed away were spent in drinking, eating, and conversation. The party was gay and at its height when who should come rushing aboard but the four black boys we had left in charge of our belongings. Somebody had told them that the black people of the Congo were cannibals and probably would roast them for dinner. They believed the yarn, and were terrified at being left with these strangers.

"Of course they're not cannibals," I assured the boys. "Besides, the Belgians will protect you."

"But, Bwana," said one, "the Belgians don't speak English or Swahili. What kind of white people are they, anyway?"

Poor simple souls! These black boys from Nairobi who had lost their primitive fear of English-speaking white men, despite their machines and magical contraptions, were freed with an entirely new problem—white people speaking a strange language. I could appreciate their apprehension and dire forebodings at being left alone in the unknown town while we, upon whom they depended for protection, were about to go away. I talked to them a long time, and ultimately was able to reassure them that they were in no danger of being molested.



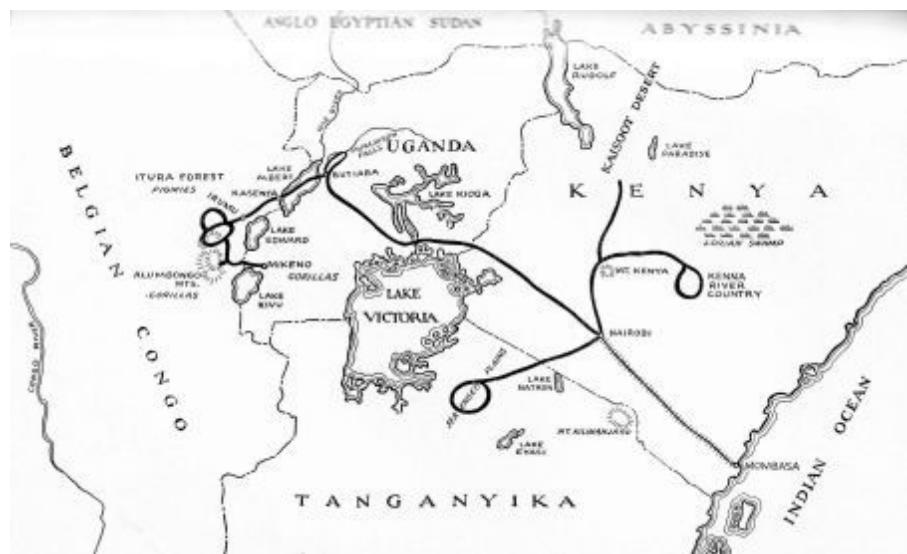
### The crew that we took Nairobi into the Congo

left to right: Dick Maedler, Martin Johnson, Osa Johnson, DeWitt Sage, and Lew Tappan. The blacks were motor-car drivers, cooks, gun-bears, tent-boys, and those I have trained to set up and take down the camera quickly.



One of our two-ton trucks built to keep photographic material dry and cool during long trips. The walls of each compartment are padded with chopped cork and inch-thick felt. At night these cars are covered with tarpaulins that have been specially cut and sewn to form a tent.

My dark-room is above the largest compartment.



The heavy black line on this map shows our route into the pygmy and gorilla country of the Belgian Congo.

## CHAPTER II

### RED TAPE AND TEEMING WATERS

Murchison Falls is on the Uganda side of the lake, and getting permission to enter it is no easy task. Territory on the right is a closed game preserve, and the left side is quarantined on account of the tsetse-fly. The British, who are making valiant and successful efforts to stamp out sleeping-sickness in East Africa, are reluctant to permit anyone to enter this territory, because the tsetse-fly inoculates victims with the disease, thus causing it to spread in unaffected areas.

In their campaign against the disease the British have moved entire tribes away from infected districts, keeping them until the disease has been stamped out, and permitting them to enter only after germs which cause the malady have been eradicated from their territories. Citrus trees have been of vast assistance in this war on the pest. Tsetse-flies will not go near these trees. Building one hundred foot clearing along their trails also has proved a valuable weapon in the fight. These flies will not go more than forty feet from shade or water, so these wide trails make a barrier which they do not cross.

In parts of the Congo, Uganda, and Tanganyika the flies are especially troublesome, because they spread sleeping-sickness among humans, just as the mosquito spreads yellow fever and malaria. At our former home in Lake Paradise, in the north country of East Africa, the flies spread the disease only among the domestic animals. It was not possible to keep oxen, cows, or horses in that region, although natives developed types of sheep, goats, and hump-backed cattle that managed to survive.

We fought our way through a bewildering maze of governmental red tape, with the kindly aid of courteous officials, for permission to visit the Falls. First we telegraphed to the Governor, explaining our mission (of which he approved); then we had to travel about thirty miles back on our trail to the town of Masindi. We saw the Provincial Commissioner, who gave us papers authorizing our entry, subject to the approval of the District Commissioner. He, in turn, sent us to the physician in charge of the sleeping-sickness campaign. The doctor examined us and each one of our boys, sending us back to the District Commissioner. Here the names of the native boys and their thumb-prints were recorded, and once again we were sent to the Provincial Commissioner, where the final permits were signed. Then we filed a list of our guns, their caliber and make, and also a report of the amount of ammunition we were taking with us. We next received another paper directing us where to camp and land. Finally we signed a document absolving the Government from

any liability, agreeing to stay away from the tsetse-fly side of the Falls, and also promising not to fire a gun unless it were necessary to protect our lives.

It was only because of willingness on the part of the officials to rush this documentary work through that we were able to meet the requirements in one day's time. Next day, back in Butiaba, we borrowed a lifeboat from the *Robert Coryndon* and boarded the *Livingstone*, which started for the Falls wheezing like a bull elephant in the last stages of asthma.

Osa and I looked forward to some difficulties on our trip aboard the *Livingstone*, and our expectations were realized. The boat is an ancient, wood-burning steamer, with a hungry fire-box that swallows huge quantities of wood. In order to make a twelve-hour trip it was necessary to fill the hold and pile the deck with wood for fuel. This forces the passengers to seek quarters in a tiny cabin forward, where heat from the boiler adds to the usually high temperature outside, making it a stifling oven. Of course, wood from the deck is used first, but hours elapse before there is room to move outside.

For the benefit of our companions we recalled a similar trip to the Falls made three years previously on this same boat. At nightfall on that occasion we entered the cabin with the intention of sleeping, but found it so hot that we had visions of melting into a couple of grease-spots if we remained inside. Then we tried sleeping under a bridge deck, which also proved unbearable. As a last resort we climbed to the top of this deck and spread our blankets under the stars. A breeze brought some relief, and we were picking up a few cat naps when the boat was anchored under a large tree filled with hundreds of birds. These birds were directly above us, and proved anything but polite. We finally prevailed upon the crew to push further up the river, where there was nothing between us and the stars.

Our present cruise was not so uncomfortable, however, and we reached the Victoria Nile about sunset. All the mosquitoes in Africa seemed to be holding a convention there. These insects find ideal breeding-places in the miles of suud which extend from the mouth of the river on both sides. This is a mixture of papyrus grass and tiger grass about eight feet in height. It covers a huge acreage, and is smooth at the top like a newly mown lawn.

Anchor was weighed at daybreak, and after about an hour of travel we began to see game. First we passed waterbuck, cob, baboons, and monkeys. It was not long before we came upon a few crocodiles and hippopotamuses. Dick and Lew promptly set up their sound camera on the top deck, and I fixed mine on the lower. A few bull elephants appeared along the banks. Then we came upon groups of four and five. Crocodiles slid into the water from both banks, and hippos waddled along in groups of fifty and sixty.

Prospects looked fine for some good sound pictures, but we had to reckon with the noise of the *Livingstone*, which struck the microphone along with the sounds of the animals, ruining the whole effect. We hit upon a plan of stopping the engine and gliding quietly toward shore on nearing the animals. The idea was good, but the Indian engineer in charge was a mechanic with no

understanding of or sympathy for the camera-man. He was afraid to keep steam pressure in the boiler. Just when we would glide into a position to start filming the engineer blew off steam, causing a raucous disharmony that frightened the animals and rattled into the sound-recording equipment. In spite of our handicap we managed to make some good pictures.

So far as elephants were concerned, though, our efforts were just wasted. We simply could not get close enough to them for good shots. On one occasion we saw fifteen about to enter the water, and on another thirty on their way toward the stream. The chugging and rattling of our sturdy side-wheeler frightened them all, and they turned about to disappear into the forest.

It was early afternoon when we pulled up to our old stamping ground about a mile below Murchison Falls and set up camp a few hundred yards from the river. Next day we uncrated one of our outboard motors and attached it to the borrowed lifeboat, in which we were able to make ten knots on the water.

Water below the Falls is literally alive. Millions of fish, swimming upstream, make valiant efforts to climb the Falls, without success. They shoot from the pouring water and fall back on the surface, making a noise like the clap of hands. When they are falling back, literally raining, it sounds like the crackling of grease in a giant skillet. These fish attract crocodiles by the thousands, and these huge reptiles live in the river for hundreds of years. Banks are lined with vegetation that just suits the hippos, and here they stay. These big fellows do not like suud, and so they live between the Falls and the mouth of the river.

With our outboard motor working perfectly we headed for a crocodile pool we remembered from our previous visit to the vicinity, and approached a beach where we saw hundreds of these reptiles, some weighing seven to eight hundred pounds each, sleeping with enormous jaws agape in the usual crocodile slumber pose. The cameras were focused for a seventy-yard shot, and I was ashore as the boat, with the motor shut off, glided toward the beach. I ran along the bank, jumping and yelling like a madman to stampede the sleeping beasts. The crocs greeted me with a chorus of plop, plop, plop as their heavy jaws snapped together. Then they squirmed toward their pool, tumbling into the water with a dull roar and slashing about with their tails until the water seemed to boil for ten minutes or more.

There was one sleepy old fellow, the biggest of the lot, that could not get going very fast. He remained on shore, dragging his heavy belly along with inadequate land legs. His tail, however, was still active. As I approached he lashed out with it in a powerful swing that missed me only by a few feet. Had he landed I should have been knocked into Kingdom Come.

We travelled on toward the Falls to a pool filled with rocks upon which the crocodiles slept and sunned themselves. These rocks were alive with the slimy creatures, and all about viscous snouts were poking out of the water. There was constant movement in the pool. One crocodile would slide lazily

off a rock and awaken his sleepy fellows. Then another would ooze up to take his place in the sun. After we ground many feet of film I fired a .22 calibre rifle bullet into the water. This caused a stampede noisy enough to be heard above the roar of the Falls.

We continued close to the waterfalls and watched the fish as they showered down upon the river. Looking downstream we could see thousands of crocodiles and a few hippos. The water where they were was too swift for the hippos' liking, and their stamping ground was some distance below us.

The next few days we spent chasing about the river, making life miserable for the crocodiles and hippopotamuses. Once, when we headed toward a collection of crocodile snouts, we saw a twenty-foot python draped on the limb of a tree overhead. We tried to turn round to get a picture of it, but the noise we made disturbed the reptile, and it glided quickly away before we could get a camera trained upon it.

The entire expedition almost went to the bottom when we were floating toward a huge croc sunning himself on an overhanging bank. The boat was gliding rapidly, and we were nearly under the beast when it decided to hit the water. As it slithered off the shore 600 pounds of crocodile landed on the tip of our bow. The boat took a nosedive, shipping water as it dipped. The croc rolled off and into the water—luckily for us. Had he rolled the other way you would not be reading this book.

This experience of ours on the teeming waters below Murchison Falls was no picnic outing, and our boat trips were fraught with peril. It is difficult to imagine the thousands of hippos and crocs that lived in the stream. Factually believe that if all of them were to leave suddenly the water level would subside noticeably. We broke one propeller pin on the back of a crocodile, and when we got among the hippos we cracked half a dozen. These had to be replaced by making new ones out of nails. Often hippos rose to the surface, scraping the bottom of the boat. We caught one asleep on a tiny island, and were within a few yards of him when he awakened. With a snort the clumsy animal plunged into the water under us, almost upsetting the boat.

Although we men in the party did most of the work in the boat, it is Osa who can thank her lucky star for a safe return from the trip. Twice she was on the verge of death. She is the most ardent angler I know, and she was having great sport pulling fish from the Victoria Nile. One afternoon she stepped back from her position on a rock and nearly trampled on a deadly black cobra. The snake, startled, struck. The cobra, thank heavens, can leap only its own length, and this one fell short of reaching Osa by a few inches. Had it caught her with its fangs death would have followed swiftly. Another close call for Osa occurred when her foot slipped from a shore rock. No sooner had she hit the water than a crocodile lunged toward her. She recovered her balance in an instant, and had both feet ashore in time to see the dark form of the croc swish by as he turned away in the water.

I attempted to get some flashlight pictures of hippos, but was met with

disappointment. Nearly every night some rain fell, and the dampness clouded the lens of my cameras with moisture. My first night shot resulted in a picture of a small bird that flew against the wire trigger for the flash. My second was a small crocodile, but my third was a hippo sure enough. As luck would have it, though, the lummox was walking away from the camera. Nevertheless the picture was clear, and I think I can be safe in boasting of having the world's best picture of the north end of a hippo travelling south.

I gave the folks a real thrill when, on rounding a little spit in the river, we came upon seven elephants—two bulls, two cows, and three half-grown calves—wandering quietly down for a drink of water. Dick and Lew eagerly ground out pictures as the herd began to drink. De Witt was at the helm.

Despite puzzled frowns from my fellow-passengers I silently signalled De Witt to stop the boat twenty-five feet from the animals. Still the elephants paid no attention to us. Seeing that Dick had only a hundred feet of film left, I cut loose with a loud shout that startled my companions as much as it did the elephants. For a second the beasts stood stock-still; their trunks swung up, then down between their forelegs in the attitude of charge. One big bull swayed backward and forward as his belly rumbled.

Just before the film ran out the angry elephants turned about, waved their tails in the air, and scrambled up the hill into the trees. Osa at once started telling me off for running such a risk. She calmed down, though, when I reminded her that we had been taking elephant pictures for fifteen years, and she had forgotten that elephants will not charge into the water.

Our two weeks at the Falls proved a thrill a minute for everyone in the party. Action, action, all the time! Excitement and peril on every hand—wonderful and endless material for our films—indeed, a paradise for cameramen. We had to be alert and watch every step. One slip into the water meant the crashing jaws of a crocodile and quick death. Hippos and crocs kept bumping the bottom of our boat. We were all in danger of being tossed into the river when our craft collided with these lumbering creatures.

On land the situation was the same. Poisonous snakes lurked along the river bank. Elephants, hippos, and buffaloes grazed near our tents, some of them strolling right through the camp on their way to and from the water in the night. Almost every point of vantage on the shore was occupied by a crocodile, ready to deliver a terrible blow with that powerful tail of his to anyone who disturbed him. That twenty-foot python we saw was also something to reckon with. No doubt there were others in the vicinity and poised among the lower branches waiting for a victim to come within reach of their clutching, bone-cracking coils.

A glorious place it was for one in search of adventure, but gorgeous for anyone seeking beauty! Hundreds of monkeys lived, fought, and played about in the trees. Among them were splendid specimens of the beautiful Colobus, leaping through the trees, their long, bushy tails streaming through the air like daylight comets. The trees formed one huge amphitheatre, with the waterfalls

the centre of the stage, and a small gap as an exit where the river flowed evenly out of the picture.

Night and day the drama continued, a never-ending panorama of the primitive world. Even our pets were caught in the magic spell. Elanor and Tumbu took up the cry of their untamed cousins, calling to them in the tree tops.

Each night we were lulled to sleep by the music of the Falls. Tinkling, trilling water tumbling through the rocks, a medley of muted cymbals played by unseen hands, all of it ending in a majestic crash as the falling water struck the rock-ribbed river bed. Mingled with the music of the waters were the night calls of the wild, a weird chorus, but harmonious with the setting. One evening about the camp fire Lew, a former wireless operator, was startled to hear what sounded like a Morse code message coming through the tree tops. Tap-tap, tap-tap-tap it sounded. All of us listened to this strange noise. It was the song of the telegraph bird we finally concluded.

In the mornings, as the first timid rays of sunlight beckoned us into the outdoor world, a new accompaniment mingled with the melody at the Falls. This was the singing of the feathered choristers assembled in the trees. Birds of all feathers flocking together to greet the day with a paean of joy.

Flitting about against the background of green foliage tinted wing tips flashed like jewels when touched by the golden sun. Hundreds of birds of brilliant hue and colour purled the lacy forest roof And scampering here and there among them were the monkeys, bedecked in gay coats of colourful fur, especially the Colobus, most beautiful of them all.

It made the blood go racing through our veins to awaken amid all this glory, to breathe the air distilled in Nature's own laboratory of true forest land, to catch the faint odours of the river as stray bits of mist were chased to oblivion by the morning sun. We felt keenly alive, ready and eager for the stirring adventures we knew awaited us.

I truly believe that this district about Murchison Falls provides more thrills per hour than any place on earth. Here we found Africa as it was a hundred centuries ago. Deep forest land, huge vines of untold age, and undergrowth choking the trails among the trees in the lower reaches of the river; flowers, smiling and friendly, flirting with us through the trees and grass. The time passed so swiftly that I was surprised to hear the *Livingstone* chugging up the river as it came to take us back to Butiaba.

We were in Butiaba a day, and again boarded the *Samuel Baker* for another crossing to Kasenyi. There we found the four blacks we had left to guard our equipment sticking close to the motor cars and still unconvinced that they were not in danger. They were so glad to see us that they rushed up, grinning a welcome they so truly meant.

At Kasenyi we added another member to our party. This was a young chimpanzee named Teddy that I bought from a Belgian Customs agent. Teddy

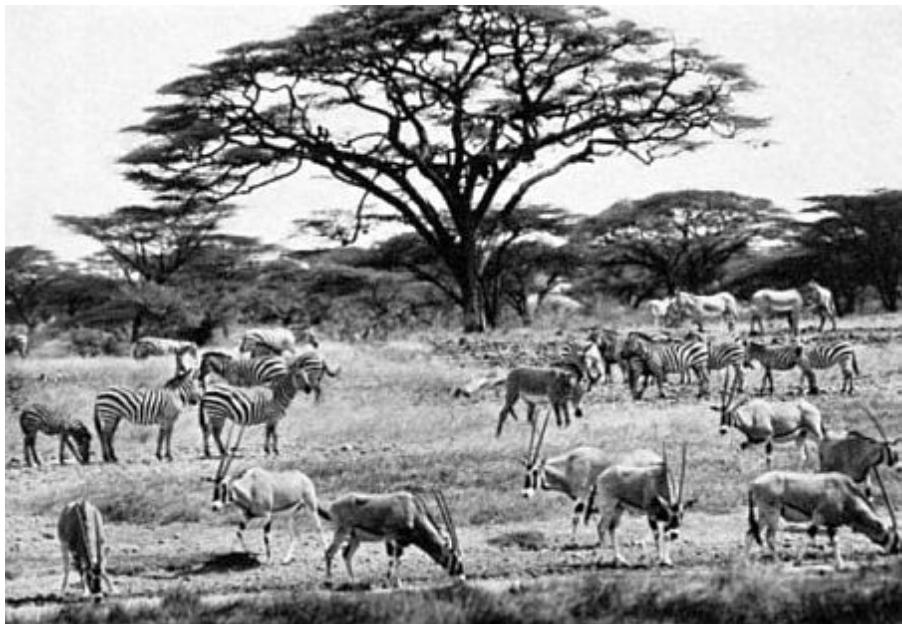
came to us wearing a pair of blue breeches and a blue cap which his former mistress had made for him. He was smart, friendly, and lively—too lively at times. The little fellow was not a bit backward about making a fuss when he wanted food or attention either. Osa put an addition on to his name and dubbed him Teddy Tantrum.

Our safari was well under way, and we were bound for the land of the Little People. Our immediate objective was Irumu, headquarters for the western division of the Ituri forest. Hour after hour for thirty miles we climbed what seemed to us the steepest escarpment in the world. If it had been any more precipitous no motor car could have made the ascent. The road twisted and curved about in hairpin turns as though it had been surveyed by a dizzy snake. This, however, was necessary to lessen the grade and make it possible for machines to travel on it. For sixteen miles we followed this steep highway before it became level and twisted into Irumu.

Here we put up for the night with the Baron and Baroness van Zuylen, who had been so helpful to us when we were there a few years before. I had written to the Baron about my project for studying the Ituri pygmies, and he had been kind enough to gather information for me from the natives. With this knowledge it was easy to approximate a profitable location for our permanent camp.



Crocodiles on the Victorian Nile near the Murchison Falls.



Noonday at a Kaisoot Desert waterhole. Oryx, common zebra (with the broad stripes), and the Grevey's zebra with the finer stripes and larger mane.



'Deelia' before the microphone. Of course this little pygmy did not know what it was all about, but he was quite willing to talk or laugh or sing, as we told him to.



Early morning in the Ituri Forest. The fog was very dense until about ten o'clock in the morning., usually clearing about three in the afternoon. This made photography most difficult in the early morning and late afternoon, which are the best times for pictures.

## CHAPTER III

### THE LITTLE PEOPLE

We set up a temporary base on the plains about six miles from Irumu and five miles from the Ituri Forest. Then Osa and I started to reconnoitre for a permanent camp site. Since our previous visit to the Congo the Government had widened two of the trails and made two roads of sorts. These roads forked off near our base in the form of a V. At the left end of the V was Beni, near the Semliki river, and at the right end was Mambasa, in the heart of the Ituri Forest. We hoped to find our pygmies in the territory embraced by the two roads.

Soon Osa and I were bumping over the Beni road, leaving the others in camp. The trees in this section of the forest were much larger than those where we entered it, and the jungle was thicker. Darkness, damp, and gloom lurked among the trees. The change in scenery was evident everywhere. Even the natives seemed blacker. For thirty miles we passed through village after village in which every native was armed with a spear or a bow and arrow.

The villages were left behind, and for many miles we saw only stately trees and jungle growth on either side of the highway. Here we noticed elephant spoor, fresh from the night before. The swamp grass and low scrub trees were so dense that a herd of elephants might have padded through the tangled growth unseen. Once we heard the crashing of a stampede from a lonely little swamp. It may have been buffaloes, but we saw nothing.

An isolated village or two, and then the three snow capped peaks of the Ruwenzori Mountains. These form the northern end of the Mountains of the Moon, and are on the boundary line between Uganda and the Congo. We stopped to look upon this most majestic mountain view in Africa.

At dark we reached the Government station at Beni, got some information we were seeking, and turned back on the route just covered. We planned to drive along for a few hours until we came to a place that offered possibilities for pygmy study. We would camp there for the night, and be ready to investigate the district in the morning.

Accordingly we stayed overnight in a beautiful stretch of primeval forest, and set out next day to make inquiries. We questioned the natives of village after village all along the way, but it was late afternoon before we struck one that promised good material for pygmy study. This was the village of Bwana Sura, named (as are all Ituri Forest villages) after its chief. Here, as usual, the villagers crowded about us, and here we met our first pygmies of the safari.

The elder of the two was Deelia—at least that is the way it sounded. A

pleasant-faced little whiskered old man about three feet ten inches tall, he was possibly sixty years old, weighed some sixty pounds, and was agile as a monkey. His attire consisted of a bark loin cloth and a crude little iron necklace. His curly hair was thick, and his nose large and flat. Hair covered his body, and his physique was perfect. His eyes were large and staring, while his big lips turned up at the corners as if he were constantly grinning.

The younger pygmy was Deelia's son, Salou, who was exceptionally large for his kind, being some four feet two inches in height, and weighing perhaps ninety pounds, for he was a fat little fellow although as active as his father. Salou also had a large nose spread all over his face, a wide grin-curve to his mouth, and big staring eyes. He told us, speaking in Kingwana, that he was chief of all the pygmies in the district.

Osa and I were elated. Here were two intelligent pygmies whose help we felt we could count on. We asked Salou if there were many pygmies in that vicinity. Yes, there were. Could he bring them to us if we set up a permanent camp there? Salou turned to a big savage who was standing near by and held a short conference with him. The big fellow was Bwana Sura, chief of the village.

I had seen this man, dressed in a ragged old coat and ancient trousers that had once been white, but he didn't seem to have a dime's worth of intelligence, and I paid no attention to him. He was about thirty-five years of age and wore a musical comedy goatee. His head was somewhat large in proportion to his body. I came to learn that he was somewhat simple and had little influence among his own people. He was, however, a great power among the pygmies.

After Bwana Sura and Salou had finished their brief conference they told me they could call in numbers of pygmies, but warned me that the Little People were entirely unacquainted with the sight and ways of white men. I would have to win their confidence with gifts of tobacco and salt. On receiving this assurance we lost no time in picking out a camp site in this promising region. We then dealt out some tobacco and salt, and made arrangements with Bwana Sura to have a clearing ready for us in four days. Just as we were preparing to leave two other pygmies came out of the forest. Like Deelia and Salou they had lighter skins and better figures than the other black people. Their eyes were large, wide, and continually registering surprise.

We investigated several villages farther along the Beni road but found none that compared with Bwana Sura's in promise. Quite satisfied then, we dined on fish that Osa caught, and enjoyed a night's rest. In the morning we returned leisurely to our temporary base.

The following day we took the Mambasa road, crossed the Ituri river on an eight-canoe pontoon, and soon found ourselves getting deeper into the damp and dimly lighted forest. The people on this road were different from those along the Beni route; blacker, more savage in appearance, and soaked

with intoxicants. For ten miles after crossing the Ituri we passed through dozens of villages in which all the inhabitants were drunk.

That stretch out of the way, the road carried us into a section where the natives began to look more like those along the Beni road. But none of the villages held any interest for us until we came to Piligbo's. Here Chief Piligbo was holding a session with about a dozen minor chiefs and a hundred henchmen. He was perhaps fifty years old, had a round, good-natured face, and an appearance that was more intelligent than that of any other native we had seen. He wore a clean white suit and a yellow helmet that once had been white. As we stopped he took off his hat with a courteous, "Jambo, Bwana and Madame."

On hearing the story of our quest Piligbo said that he thought his district offered everything that we desired. He could bring us a hundred pygmies himself, and could assemble about four hundred through his sub-chiefs. In fact he would have a few waiting for us if we stopped on our way back the following day.

About noon the next day we reached Mambasa, a Godforsaken forest clearing with a few roughly built houses. We were only too glad to turn round and retrace four miles to the American mission-house, where we had lunch. The missionaries told us that their son was starting a new mission at Piligbo's village, and spoke the language of the territory. This made Piligbo's seem more attractive than ever.

At five o'clock we were back again with that chief. He had seven pygmies with him, little wild-eyed creatures who seemed ready to bolt into the woods at any moment. A few gifts of rock salt, cigarettes, and matches inspired confidence in us, and they were soon at ease enough to gulp down handfuls of salt. Piligbo assured us that if we returned in three days he would have a sizable group of pygmies on hand.

Returning to our base, we passed the better part of two days in Irumu, registering our Nairobi boys, laying in their food supply, sending telegrams, and taking out shooting licenses. Osa, DeWitt, and I paid about \$145 each for full licenses that allowed us to shoot two elephants each and any other animal except the rare okapi, bonga, or chimpanzee.



A typical pygmy of the Ituri Forest. The little whistles hanging from his neck imitate bird sounds and are used by the pygmies in keeping track of each other while hunting in the forest.



A family of pygmies in the Ituri Forest preparing a meal of wild spinach that they were cooking in their little earthen pot. This utensil, a square yard of dark cloth and their bows and arrows constitute their entire possessions.

## CHAPTER IV

### GETTING ACQUAINTED

Early on the third morning we went back to Piligbo's village. What a sight to thrill our senses! Here was the very thing we had travelled all this distance to see. Some sixty pygmies gathered there in the bright sunlight, dancing and singing around two tom-tom players. It looked like a gathering of gnomes from fairy-story land, this group of tiny savages with their always-startled eyes. Their skin was lighter than that of the big people. Their bodies, although small, were more perfectly formed than those of their bigger cousins. The chests especially were well developed, under broad shoulders that gave them the appearance of diminutive pugilists.

As soon as possible we had them posing for our cameras, singly and in groups: talking, singing, dancing, and beating upon their tom-toms. At first the women and children were shy and indifferent, but gradually we overcame their self-consciousness, got them into the spirit of the affair, and soon had them following our instructions.

Our first contact with this large group of the Little People gave us the impression that they were the happiest persons on earth, and our later experiences did nothing to alter this opinion. They are unspoiled children of Nature, with the mentality of ten year olds, completely attuned to rhythm, always ready to express their joy in dance and song. Life to them is one long game with neither beginning nor end.

Bill Deans, the young missionary, joined us and assisted with the posing until we had finished. It had not occurred to our party that this was Sunday until Bill proposed that service be conducted in the Chief's council-house. It was the most interesting religious service I have ever attended. Bill preached a sermon in Kingwana, to which the natives listened attentively. How earnestly those black men prayed! They sang with feeling and with musical voices. The bewildered pygmies, of course, did not know what it was all about.

The day's events convinced us that Piligbo's village offered richer opportunities for our work than Bwana Sura's. We therefore decided to spend three weeks or so at Bwana Sura's and then return here for a long period of work. Bill aided us in selecting an ideal camp site near a stream, and agreed to superintend the clearing and foundation work.

Breaking up our temporary base, we pitched camp in Bwana Sura's district, where, despite petty blackmailing by the chief and his intimates, we managed to make ourselves very comfortable. Osa and I had a tent with a ceiling sufficiently high to permit us to stand upright in any corner of it. We

had good beds, a generous bathroom, a pleasant verandah, and most of the advantages of a regular home.

To make sure that our boys would bring us clean water from the near-by stream without having to wade around in it and muss it up, we built a dam, directing the flow through a pipe-like chute. And, among other arrangements for the welfare of our party, we had a small grass house made in front of our tent for Teddy. A little tent was erected for Tumbu and Elanor.

The monkeys made themselves at home immediately, and soon were cavorting about in the trees, coming down only when they wanted bananas or something else to eat. They went so completely native that they insisted upon sleeping in the trees at night. Fortunately old Deelia was as adroit in climbing trees and swinging from limb to limb as the monkeys were, and could bring the runaways to earth whenever we wanted them. To make the nightly capture easier we tied a short cord about Elanor. We did not have to worry much about Tumbu. She was always hanging round looking for something to eat. It was possible though that Elanor might revert to the wild life and take the little one with her. The rope, however, did not prove as convenient for our official tree-climber as we expected. It continually got all tangled up in the branches, and gave Deelia more work than ever. Fortunately he did not mind this, and always grinned his thanks for rewards of salt and tobacco for his repeated rescue work.

Teddy's ideas were more fixed on the ground than those of the monkeys. The young ape had excellent table manners as a rule, and was a good companion. It was impossible to keep him out of mischief when he was loose. He was a born kleptomaniac, and jam was his principal weakness. He would ransack the storeroom for plunder, and could devour the contents of a stolen jam jar with amazing rapidity. It was useless to punish him. He just sulked, and turned thief again at the first opportunity. Another thing he learned to do, imitating the monkeys, was sliding down the slope of our tent tops. This was a bad business. He weighed forty pounds, and could easily have crashed through.

Deelia and Salou spent most of their time playing with Teddy and watching us work on the camp. Each day I gave them presents, and every day they brought in a few new pygmies. One little fat girl, Salou's sister possibly, was so bashful that invariably we had to send for her when she was needed for pictures. Her name was Mollypoo, and her expression was a cross between a pout and a sly grin.

I imagined that Mollypoo was quite a girl back in the shadowland. She just naturally knew the tricks and wiles which women use to lure their men all the world round. If there is such a thing as scandal back there in the forest I feel sure that Mollypoo is in the centre of it. This handful of flapper was a natural-born flirt. Altogether Mollypoo was the most amusing little savage I have ever laid eyes on.

For a week we photographed the thirty pygmies. It was a pleasure to work

with these happy little folk once we had banished their masters from camp. Bwana Sura and his father, his favourite sub-chiefs, and his policemen begged continually for utensils, blankets, shoes, clothing, and food in return for their services in clearing the camp site and bringing in the pygmies. They were the most inordinate beggars we ever encountered, and we finally became tired of them and ordered them to stay away.

The pygmies, however, were very easy to get along with — joyful as children at their first circus. Every day I gave one a trinket of some kind and all the salt he could eat. If I happened to give him more than he wanted, the irresponsible little being would just throw it away without the slightest thought of saving it for another day. After they knew us better the pygmies begged a little, but in a shy, hesitant manner, as if they did not expect to get what they asked for.

In addition to photographing the pygmies, we explored the trails for forest pictures, and took shots of the big people's villages. Osa and I hoped also to film some game — rare, perhaps, and unclassified—which abounds in the damp, almost impenetrable recesses of Ituri. For this purpose we had Deelia and Salou guide us to a salt-lick deep in the forest. In four and a half hours of walking we saw no living thing. Although we came upon fresh tracks of okapi, elephants, and buffaloes, we realized that it was impossible to count on making good game pictures in the forest. The jungle here is dark and dense—more so, probably, than any other forest in Africa—and everlasting wet and slippery. There are occasional clearings where enough light filters through for photography, but the animals were not there, nor had they left a single well defined trail that might serve as a guide to their haunts and habits. A million and one vague little paths crossed one another, and there was no way of determining where photographic apparatus might be set up to capture the animals movements in this vast virgin forest.

Deelia and Salou were so small they could slip through and beneath the heavy bush that we had to cut and break. Ten minutes after leaving camp I was hopelessly lost. We crossed stream after stream to which no path led. Yet our pygmies made unerringly for that salt-lick and at so fast a gait that we could hardly keep up with them. And, mind you, I took one step to every three they took! Had they disappeared we could easily have been lost for weeks.

Once at the salt-lick it took but a minute to decide that we could make no pictures there. It was situated in an airless hollow where the animals would be sure to catch our scent. And there was such a mist hanging over the place that the lenses of my flash cameras would have been clouded and useless.

On the way back we came upon two pits, in each of which the carcass of a half-grown elephant was rotting. Salou told us that the big people dig these pit traps, and the pygmies watch them and keep them in repair. These holes were nine feet long, five feet wide, and fifteen feet deep. They were graded until they were about two feet wide at the bottom. The pygmies in setting these traps ingeniously camouflage them with small branches and leaves so that

they look like solid ground. Indeed, I have since had some narrow escapes from falling into them myself.

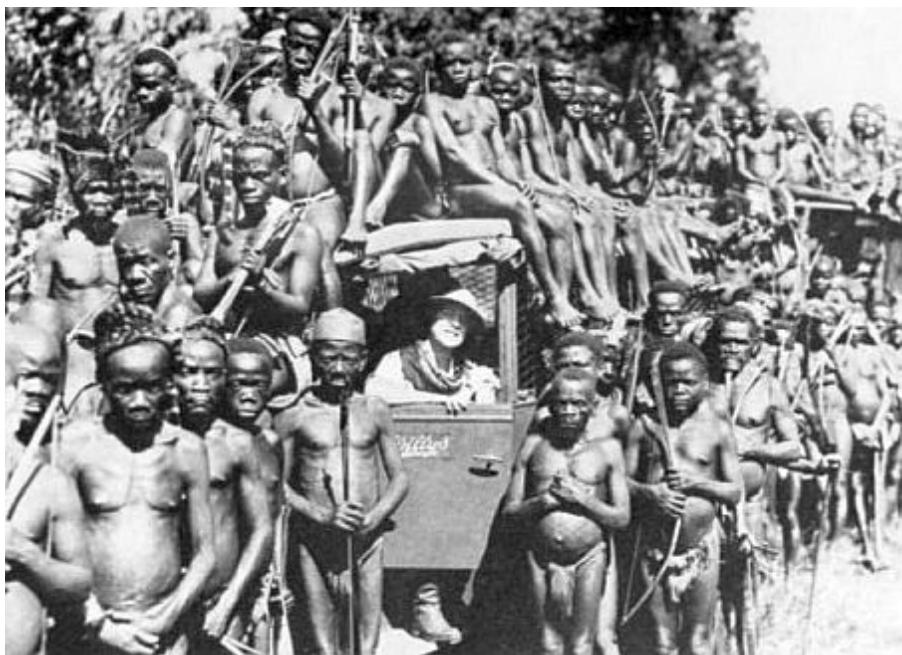
Upon completion of our preliminary pictures we summoned Bwana Sura and made arrangements for taking our first big pygmy film. We told him to order his subchiefs in all the villages for fifteen miles round to gather in all their men, women, children—and drums. Meantime we had rough houses built to shelter our little actors, and prepared petrol tins in which to boil their food.

Soon runners began rushing in with reports of the various pygmy groups that were ready to come to our convention. Early in the morning therefore we sent a ton truck up the road and another down the road to round up the diminutive delegates. Osa took a safari car down the road in case more transportation was needed.

I remained in camp completing the last-minute details and supervising the preparation of our camera equipment. Here was the first great object of our expedition about to be fulfilled, and I was appropriately excited. It was to prove more colourful and thrilling than anything we had imagined.



We measured several hundred pygmies while in the Ituri Forest. We found the smallest, full grown was 3' 6", the largest 4' 3", and the average between 3' 11" and 4'.



The motorcar and a few pygmies. These little people, with the mentality of children, were everlastingly willing to pose or do anything required of them.

## CHAPTER V

### OSA BRINGS THEM IN

Women and children first—in Osa's car! That's the way our first frightened delegates arrived. In fact, but for her the pygmies down the road would have refused to arrive, for they had been afraid to brave the unknown terrors of the truck, and the black driver could neither coax nor force them into it. Osa had succeeded in cajoling the women into her car and in packing the men into the truck, each steadfastly clutching a little bow and arrow. Into, but not out of! Once arrived at Bwana Sura's, the men were afraid to get out of the truck, the women dared not get out of the car.

And now the driver from up the road appeared on the scene. He had corralled only half a load, about fifty of his little blacks having darted back into the forest at the sight of the truck. This contingent, too, clung childishly to its toylike bows and arrows, and refused to budge from the truck. Certainly our long-heralded convention had come to a deadlock at a much earlier stage than the average gathering of delegates.

Well, we finally managed to ease the scared-eyed little things down to the ground. The earth did not swallow them, nor did any form of white magic descend upon them to blight or destroy. But the pygmies stood about in unhappy groups, each group distrusting the others, all of them afraid of us.

Now more than one convention has written its platform on a menu card, and dinners have been known to dispel differences; perhaps in this case boiled rice would dissipate distrust—boiled rice, and a little tobacco and salt. It did. The huge "debbies" of rice that we had prepared for the pygmies were soon empty and the clearing that we had prepared for the pictures soon full.

It was only a matter of half an hour, then, before one group, mellowed by the convention fare, started to dance in the clearing. Gradually more and more of the tribesmen answered the call of the tom-tom music, and threw themselves into the primitive ballet, until the entire crowd was dancing to the weird beating of the diminutive drums. Even the women who had babies danced with their offspring strapped to their backs. And every pygmy there danced with bow and arrows in hand.

Long after we had taken all the pictures that we wanted our little dancers kept on with their marathon. They actually danced an hour and a half before we succeeded in breaking it up. When afraid, it seems, these children of rhythm always dance.

Again the silent groups stood about, nervously wondering what was going to happen next. With patience and tact we put them at their ease and got them

to pose for us. And interesting little subjects they proved, entering readily into all sorts of action groups that promised valuable pictorial material. We had the women cook bananas and the men build a house. We staged a friendly boxing match that turned into a heated exchange of Billingsgate and blows. At the end of the day we spread a feast of rice and tea. The tea was boiled in the approved Ituri Forest manner — twenty pounds of sugar to the debbie.

During the night the beat of pygmy drums floated out to us from the forest. Until after midnight the little savages danced and sang, yet they were on hand bright and early for the pictures. By this time the group feeling had thawed out, and all the visiting pygmies were on friendly terms with one another.

By four in the afternoon we had finished our pictures, so we prepared to motor the pygmies back from camp. Much to our surprise we hadn't room enough. And no wonder! The big people to whom the pygmies belonged had come to camp out of curiosity, and expected to be motored back. If room were lacking—well, the pygmies were a lower order of beings and quite used to walking. Let the inferior creatures go home on their feet.

Need I say that I threw all the arrogant big beggars out? I booted those who needed it where they needed it, and sent them muttering about their business. The pygmies drove off in state, each treasuring some matches, a banana leaf of salt, and a little bar of pink soap. As extra souvenirs for the ladies we gave strings of beads.

Deelia and Salou were now with us night as well as day, for the devoted little pair had actually moved their pygmies into a newly made village half a mile from us. It was Deelia and Salou, of course, who continued to guide us into the fastnesses of the jungle. We could trust no one else to bring us safely through the gloomy depths of its trackless ways. But, just as we had anticipated, we had no luck at all with the trap-flashlight cameras that we had set here and there in the forest. Near the cameras we found okapi tracks and elephant tracks, but no wild thing ever ventured near enough to set off the flash.

Just as we were feeling that we had exhausted the possibilities of Bwana Sura's district word came that our camp at Piligbo's was ready for us. Accordingly we broke camp, said farewell to Bwana Sura, and departed from the first of our pygmy studios. Thanks to Bill, the missionary, it proved the best camp that we had ever lived in. Although ailing with rheumatism he had taken charge of the construction and had directed the work of his mission boys and Piligbo's men. A few days after our arrival this zealous young evangelist received orders from the mission doctor to leave the forest. The pitiless dampness of the ancient jungle had crippled him so badly that he was forced to give up his beloved work in this district.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE PYGMY CITY

While we were whipping the camp into shape for a long period of activity various pygmies of the region began to attach themselves to us. These pioneers were encouraged with gifts of soap and salt, and occasional bonuses of rice, for we hoped to make them our ambassadors of goodwill among their people.

One extraordinary little hanger-on was a drunkard with a prominent Roman nose. He appeared to be de-tribalized, as he lived alone in Piligbo's village quite apart from his fellow-nomads of the forest. The pathetic little chap must have made his own home brew, because he was the only person I ever saw intoxicated in Piligbo's village, and he was never completely sober.

Ordinarily I cannot bear to have drunkards about me, but I couldn't help liking this little wretch. There was something essentially decent about the man. He would, to be sure, grovel at my feet and beg for tobacco, but once I gave him some he would keep out of my way for the rest of the day.

This lone sinner had a brother—a sober brother—who looked enough like him to be his twin. On one occasion they set out with me, as guides, for a two-day safari into the forest. A few hours out of camp they came upon the two bottles of beer that we had taken along, and drank them. Both pygmies took the count, the one because he was not used to alcohol, the other because a quart of German beer proved just a quart too much as a chaser for a daily ration of banana beer. That was the only time I ever knew the brother to lapse from grace, but his usefulness as a guide, as well as that of his inebriate kinsman, terminated then and there.

Ituri Forest banana beer is the simplest drink in the world to brew. The natives hollow out logs, leaving an opening barely large enough to admit an arm. Into the hollow they mash bananas and leave them there in a soggy mass for five days. This becomes sour, foul-smelling stuff, which would probably improve with time, but which seems to be aged enough for the savages at the five-day stage. Entire villages go on the spree—men, women, and children—and fights and wounds are the order of the day. Piligbo, however, must have been a prohibitionist, for his people were well-behaved.

Another curious character about camp was a little old whiskered lunatic, a harmless soul, who used to bring in an egg to sell for salt. He would cackle like a hen that has just contributed its daily quota of eggs, strut around crowing like a rooster, wiggle his stomach like a muscle dancer, and then present the egg. He may have thought he laid it!

Our favourite among these odd attaches was the chief of Piligbo's pygmies, a courteous little personage who wore a leopard-skin turban, a small skin bag across his chest, and nothing else but an air of dignity. He would gravely strut up to me, make a long, sweeping bow, and say, "Bwana, memo ekoo!" "Master, here I am!" Then he would grunt, walk back a few steps, and stand silently watching me for an hour or more. Out of deference to his rank I always gave him a handful of tobacco, whereupon he would go away. In a few days back he would come again.

The smokers of the Ituri Forest make their pipes out of gourds or of stone bowls, with hollow reed stems five feet long. As they put only a pinch of tobacco in the bowl and fill it with hot ashes, they really smoke wood ash rather than tobacco.

At last we were ready for our mass pictures, the final phase of our study of the pygmies. We had been giving presents to the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes, and they had all agreed to bring in their people. Piligbo now sent runners into the forest with orders that the pygmies report in four days.

Three days later eighty over-eager tribesmen arrived! To these we assigned a forest site near by, where they lost no time in building a village. Soon fifty more appeared, and the numbers rapidly increased until we were entertaining half a thousand of the wild-eyed aborigines. A bunch of bananas and a tablespoonful of salt constituted the daily diet of our guests.

It was an interesting village that the pygmies built on our site, a lane about half a mile long lined with tiny huts. It was so dark, however, that we could not take good pictures in it, even with flares. We therefore made a clearing in a less sombre part of the forest, and built a sort of studio village there.

The work in the studio village progressed happily once the pygmies ceased to be self-conscious, camera-conscious, and generally ill at ease. In a short time they entered into the spirit of the thing, and co-operated with all the cheerfulness of their sunny natures. Some days it rained, of course, so that we could take no pictures, and some days it was too cloudy. Often the heavy forest fog did not lift all the morning.

At the end of each day's work the pygmies lined up for their bananas and salt, and an occasional treat of palm oil or peanuts. Those who had taken part in the pictures that day were paid a little more than the others. Then they would all scamper back to their dark little village, yelling and singing with glee. Soon the savage rhythm of their drums would beat upon the air, and the forest would vibrate with the sounds of pygmy whoopee.

Even amid the forest gloom love seems to find a way. One of our actresses was Adinnie, a big coal-black girl who lived among the pygmies and seemed to lord it over them. Her figure was perfect, and her skin beautiful, as her six square inches of clothing revealed to all the world. Her mother, so the gossips said, was a pygmy who had been carried off by one of the big people and held in his house. She, however, escaped, took refuge with the pygmies, and continued to live with them.

It was among her mother's people that Adinnie was born and brought up. The big people, eager to have so desirable a daughter to live with them, caught her and took her to their village several times, but the strong-minded young lady made her way back each time to her mother's tribe.

And now Adinnie was old enough to have her own romance. The object of her affections, although she would not have acknowledged it publicly, was a chunky pygmy about three feet eleven inches tall, with a round, good natured face and very large eyes. The eyes were always languishing toward her—a sign of devotion that the haughty half-breed pretended not to see. I noticed, however, that the lady and the pygmy had a way of keeping trysts.

One day we were in the studio village taking shots of our five hundred pygmies. (Incidentally, two pygmy babies were born in camp.) Suddenly through the clearing tore a powerful big savage, dressed in little but a leopard skin, and armed with bow and arrows. The big fellow—her father—made straight for Adinnie and tried to carry her away.

Up jumped the pygmies and pulled the intruder off, with a lively clash of forest language you may be sure. The husky sire was by no means afraid of his daughter's protectors, but he was, so to speak, outnumbered, and was wise enough to beat a retreat.

For the next two days the pygmies were nervous and hard to film. Then their worst fears were realized. The father returned as he had threatened, with eleven or twelve men and tried to kidnap his daughter. I ordered the invaders out of the place, and Piligbo summoned some of his warriors, so the father's men gave him little support. Four of the bolder ones, however, tried to help him drag his daughter away, and we had to come to the rescue. Piligbo's legionnaires soon routed the father's followers, and the frustrated parent, alone in his defeat, left camp.

The pygmies had been in camp three months, and long before the last month had passed our little people showed signs of restlessness. They were homesick for the forests. There they were only too glad to find a grass that may be cooked to resemble spinach, or dine on grubs and flying ants, or kill a monkey with their tiny arrows. But the life that they lived with us was an artificial life. The studio village was too bright for them and too torrid. The sun hurt their eyes and made their bodies hot. Their eyes were only used to the unending twilight of the forest, their bodies to the chill dampness of their primeval jungle haunts.

How they welcomed the announcement that we had taken our last picture! They acted like school children who have just been granted an unexpected holiday. We lined them up in camp and gave each one some salt, a handful of beads, half a yard of cheap calico, a package of tobacco, a box of matches, and—pygmy's delight!—a guest-size cake of toilet soap.

At once the delighted little creatures tore the wrappings away and began to eat the soap. As they did not devour the confection on the spot, however, I wondered if they were going to save it for toilet use. But baths are foreign to

the pygmy scheme of things, and I am inclined to think that they hoarded the soap as children do candy, and nibbled it slowly from time to time.

Before it was dark that day there was not a pygmy left in the village. The Ituri Forest had claimed its own. No drum beat in the village that night, and no echo of voice or footfall betrayed what noiseless jungle paths the nomads had taken.

How enviably far the fortunate little beings had gone from what we call civilization! The fluctuations of the stock market occasion them no worry. My wireless failed to interest them, even when I explained the miracles of transmission. Our motor cars left them cold. They wouldn't trade a skin or two or a few poisoned arrows for a car. Why should they?

Now that we had realized our long-cherished ambition to make a study of the Ituri Forest pygmies Osa began to get her safari kit together for a bongo hunt. The bongo is almost as rare as the okapi, and she had long coveted one as a trophy. This fine big animal, a noble specimen of the eland family, is deep mahogany in colour, with white stripes on its chest and long spiral horns on its head.

While she was away it hardly once stopped raining. Several times rivers overflowed, and she had to move camp at night. Her pygmy guides deserted her. She stuck it out for eight days however, trying to keep dry, killing enough forest buck for meat, seeing plenty of elephants and buffaloes, but failing to find her bongo. When she returned to camp her clothing was caked with mud, and her tent was a mass of mud. The porters looked as if they had been swimming in muck for days.

The day that she came back three pygmies sold us a load of okapi skins. They were badly cured, but we took them because we had decided to leave the forest and might not soon again have an opportunity to get hides of this rare and elusive game. The dampness was fast ruining our apparatus and equipment. The leather was peeling off our cameras, our lens combinations kept clogging with moisture, tins for provisions were crusting, and our clothes and bedding smelled mildewed.

Moreover the dampness was ruining our health. DeWitt was down with fever. Two of my boys were so crippled with rheumatism that they could not walk, and all the others were ailing. Our bodies were covered with fleabites and gnat-bites. We all had lumbago and rheumatism and were wretched with biliousness. My stomach was positively sore.

What was perhaps most serious of all was the feet that the gloom and dampness were ruining our dispositions. If we had not left soon we would have become too grouchy to be fit company for one another. Certainly no one but the pygmies could have remained long cheerful in the damp dreariness of the Ituri Forest.

In every way it seemed advisable for us to leave at once and try to realize another of our ambitions, the capture of a gorilla. We would return to Irumu, then go six hundred miles south to Lake Kivu, where this giant aristocrat of

the ape family guards his seclusion ten thousand feet up old volcanic mountains.

The route to Lake Kivu would be interesting too. We would pass the Rutushuru River, where hippos are said to swim in herds of thousands. On the plains about this river buffaloes are reported to be common as zebras in Tanganykia, and lions and leopards abound.

With no regrets, then, we left the Ituri Forest and returned to Irumu. And late in August we set out on our safari into the gorilla country.



A pygmy drummer in the Ituri Forest. These drums are used in signaling the other tribes throughout the forest. They have a regular code and a message can travel great distances in a remarkably short time.



A typical village scene in the dense Itura Forest. These funny little people usually disappear into the forest on our approach, until the pygmies who were with us explained that there was no danger, when they gradually returned.



Osa made this picture on the Itura River from her camp in the Itura Forest, while looking for bonga. Osa always fishes whenever she can find water, and here she caught several varieties of fish that she had never seen before.

## CHAPTER VII

### HOW THE PYGMIES LIVE

The pygmies lead happy lives of care-free slavery in their Utopian forest homeland. They are mere children mentally as well as physically, always ready to sing, dance, and make merry. They spend their days like youngsters at an endless picnic, and there is nothing mean nor malicious about them. They are truly unspoiled children of Nature.

So far as I could learn they haven't a care in the world. Their only clothing is a square piece of bark, drawn up between the legs and tied at the corners; worn something like a baby's diaper. These garments are made from the inner bark of a tree, which forms a tough, rough cloth after the outer layer is peeled away. The bark is purple in colour and is worn until it falls apart. It is no trouble at all to replace this outfit of clothing—another tree, another bit of bark, and there you are. On rare occasions pygmies may be seen with some beads or an odd ornament tied about their necks, but they are not much interested in personal adornment. As to whether they bathe or not I do not know. None took a bath while attending our convention.

The hair of these little people is kinky, and curled tightly to the skull. Some of the youths hack it off, making odd and striking effects. A few of the little ones appeared at times with long, bushy hair, but upon investigation, we found out that they were wearing wigs made of chimpanzee hair. They are much lighter than the big blacks, some of them having very light tan complexions. All of them are well-built, and are much stronger than one would at first suppose.

Pygmies find most of their own food and exchange simple commodities with the big people bordering the forest. They gather wild honey, and are fond of a spinachlike growth of vegetation. This they cook in small earthen pots. The leaves are placed in the pots, and larger leaves cover it in order to hold back the steam. Green bananas, obtained from the big people, are prepared in a similar manner. After being boiled they taste somewhat like sweet potatoes. The pygmies are marvelous hunters, but I do not believe they eat a great deal of meat.

They are voluntary slaves of the big people, and seem to enjoy this relationship. Usually one man owns just a few pygmies. If he has a man and wife to whom a daughter is born the parents rush to him with the glad tidings that they have produced another slave for him. It is taken as a matter of course. The owners are more like protectors and never try to impose on their little wards. They go into the woods to dig animal traps, and do other manual

labour for the pygmies.

One trap used by these little brown men is terribly effective. A spear is tied to the end of a huge log and suspended above game trails. An animal walking below touches a cord which releases the log, and it is killed. The big people set these traps, and the little ones watch them. When meat is obtained the forest dwellers bring it out to their masters. They also supply the large blacks with honey. Whenever a chief or owner wants anything from the forest he summons his pygmies and gives them orders which are obeyed cheerfully. These happy slaves ask little in return, although they get their earthen jars from the blacks, who supply them also with weapons, bananas, and occasional pinches of salt.

Although the pygmies travel constantly in their forest this causes them little trouble. Moving day means nothing to them. They can build a village of their rude shelters in less than a day. They have no personal effects whatsoever. All they need to do when starting on a trip is to pick up their bows and arrows, order the women to carry a couple of clay pots, and walk away to their new destination.

These fortunate folk have no rent, taxes, nor tribute to pay, and all of them own their homes. To make these shelters they gather poles about the size of a bamboo fishing rod, drive the ends into the damp ground, bend the tops together at the centre, and tie them in a cage-like framework. This they cover with leaves all but a low opening through which they dart in and out. The architecture of these arbours suggests a tiny haystack.

Each village as a rule consists of a single family governed by a sort of chief. Oftener than not the chief is a young man. Heredity certainly plays no part in their system of government. The most popular fellow in the group is given the job of being boss, to which he pays no attention. Often the chief's father and grandfather live in the village with him, and harbour no resentment or jealousy whatever. The largest pygmy village I saw numbered one hundred and fifty inhabitants.

Monogamy seems to prevail among these little nomads. Nearly every woman carries a baby in her arms, and has youngsters about a year apart in age. At birth the pygmy babies seem only a bit smaller than children of the big people. Their growth is normal until they reach the age of seven or eight. The average adult weighs about 75 pounds, and is about three feet eleven inches tall.

The pygmies set up their villages in various parts of the forest, moving to new sites every few weeks. They do this partly because they exhaust the food supply of the area and partly as a matter of sanitation. Each tribe, however, remains in its own area and never intrudes on territory inhabited by a neighbour group. These boundaries, apparently, are just understood, and are never the cause of any wars or fighting.

I would estimate that there are about fifty thousand of these Little People belonging to the Bambutti tribe in the Ituri Forest. All are timid, shy and

elusive. They have no language of their own, using a mixture of Kilese, Kimbabu, and Baira, according to the talk of the big people near whom they live. This language constantly changes too, even faster, I believe, than the slang of America. Pygmies have, however, other forms of communication, the most interesting of which is their whistle talk.

I first noticed this when Deelia, Salou, and another pygmy were leading us through the woodland. They were at some distance apart and kept whistling to each other as we travelled. First one would whistle, and the others would listen and then reply. They kept this sort of conversation going continuously. I have seen these three in camp sitting beside each other exchanging gossip in low whistle tones. They seemed to prefer this method of communication to the spoken word. Perhaps they understood it better.

Wireless telegraphy also is an ancient institution in Pygmy Land. Both in the daytime and at night you can hear their tom-toms tapping code messages through the trees. There may have been more of this when we were present than usual. The pygmies, no doubt, were telling their little friends all about us and our camp.

For weapons the pygmies use, in addition to their bows and arrows, a short knife and a sort of cycle made of iron, which they obtain from the blacks. Arrow heads are dipped in poison, which kills animals by paralyzing their nerves, and does not affect the meat. A young elephant struck with one of these arrows may travel twenty-four hours before he falls.

The only domestic animal the Little People have is the pygmy dog. These creatures are about the size of a fox terrier and a muddy yellow in colour. They are even more timid than their owners. The dogs were unhappy all during our encampment. They wanted to be with their masters, but were afraid to stay, and would scurry for shelter when a stranger approached them.

Each dog wore a bell round his neck. These bells were made by hollowing out a block of wood and tying a clapper inside of it. The dogs are trained hunters, and stick close to the trail of an animal wounded by their masters. The pygmies follow them, guided by the sound of the bell.

There are no better woodsmen in the world than these Little People. An entire village of them can disappear as if by magic at the snap of a finger, leaving not the slightest clue as to their whereabouts, and they can pop into view by the dozen from apparently no place at all. Silently, like shadows, these brown gnomes travel through the dense forest growth, and their sense of direction is unerring. Trails mean nothing to them. When they decide to go somewhere they take a bee-line route, and never waver from it.

The timidity of the pygmies even with their own kind was emphasized when they assembled for our encampment. As the various tribes came in each one stood apart, reluctant to approach another. In building their villages along the path we had cleared each new-coming group would pick out a place a hundred feet or more from that of their neighbours. It looked for a while as though we were going to have a main street running clear through the forest.

As this shyness abated, however, the pygmies became acquainted with each other, and moved close together.

I do not believe the pygmies are dominated by emotions as are larger people. Their love is like that of children, ruled more by friendly affection than passion. The domestic life of these people is clean, wholesome, and admirable. I know nothing of their courtship nor their methods of mating, but once a couple join their lives together they do not part. The men act like playmates with their wives and children. The parents care for their young, and play with them as children play with dolls.

Hate is something else foreign to them. Their expressions of anger are like those of small boys disputing a decision in a game of football and are soon forgotten. It is easy for the big blacks to impose on their little neighbours. The pygmies would rather do as they are told than quarrel about it. I saw no indication of jealousy among them, and not the slightest sign of envy. Of course they have nothing about which to envy one another, as they are utterly improvident, and have no acquisitive instinct. Each one plays his pleasant game of life with no desire to interfere with and caring little about the conduct of his fellows.

Pride also is missing from the pygmy make-up. They do make a fuss over their youngsters, but I do not believe they show them off to others with the same proud manner of white people. I did encounter one old fellow who was pointed out to me as the champion elephant hunter of the forest, and this reputation seemed to please him. Knowing that the elephant hunter enjoyed his standing the other pygmies seemed eager to tell about his prowess and make him feel good.

The fact that the pygmies display no interest in personal adornment proves that they are not vain. No effort at all is made by them toward adornment or decoration of person, home, or relatives. Even their weapons are crude and rough, showing no signs of pride in looks or workmanship. The bows are just plain limbs of trees sprung with jungle cord, the same material used to hold up their breech cloths.

Maturity is an indefinite quality among the Little People. Old and young display the same attitude toward each other. They all dance, sing, and play together with the same eager enthusiasm. They have a peculiar handshake by which they express affection, but they do not kiss each other. The kiss, however, is unknown among practically all primitive blacks, unless in imitation of foreign people whom they have watched.

Fear, however, is a major force in the psychology of the pygmies. This is manifest in their extreme timidity and their tendency to flee whenever something unusual develops. The only possessions upon which I have ever known the pygmies to place any value were the maidens of their tribes, and this was due directly to fear.

When we were making our pictures I noticed that the only pygmies present were children, boys, and adults. No girls were there, and immediately

I made inquiries about this. I got little satisfaction from the pygmies themselves, but the big blacks told me it would be almost impossible to get any girls between the ages of twelve and twenty into camp. I insisted on having them, but the best we ever managed was to get two of these girls in. When they did appear they were difficult to manage. After each picture was taken they would flee and hide, the other pygmies aiding them in finding places of concealment.

I never saw a pygmy in tears, and do not believe that grief affects them to any great extent. I could not learn their reaction toward death, nor anything about burial customs, although I made a diligent inquiry into these subjects. No one I met could tell me where or how these shadowland people dispose of their dead. One explorer whom we met, and who had spent years in the pygmy country, was also unable to shed any light on the matter. This man was seeking a pygmy skull for purposes of study but had not been able to find one.

There is absolutely no sense of religion or superstition among the pygmies. They have no ceremonies or rites of any kind that I could learn about. They do hold occasional gatherings in the woods, but these appear to be spontaneous festive events without plan or regularity. Religious exercises of the big people leave the tiny ones cold. Missionaries have laboured for years in their country, but I have never met anyone who knew of even one convert among the pygmies. I was never even told of one that pretended to show an interest in religion for material gain, as some of his larger cousins have been known to do. They are just simple, primitive animals, caring nothing about the hereafter, and little about the 'here.'

The origin of the pygmies who have inhabited their dark forest for untold centuries is a matter of much speculation. Most students are of the opinion that glands of their bodies have made them undersized, but there is little information as to what might have happened to the glandular system to dwarf an entire people.

It is possible that centuries spent in hiding from the sun had something to do with the size and disposition of these people. Perhaps in ancient days some timid tribes took to cover of the woods and by living in the darkness for a long period lost some of the life-giving forces of the sun. The Little People with whom we were in contact thoroughly disliked being in the sunlight. While working in a picture, sweat would pour from their bodies and they would really suffer from the stinging sun rays. When I announced that work would cease, all of them streaked for the shelter of the trees.

The sun also had a painful effect upon their eyes. When they first came to us their eyes seemed unusually large. Closer study, however, revealed that the bushy eyebrows and the enlarged pupils due to the dim light of the forest caused this appearance. They live among grey shadows all the time, and their eyes have become accustomed to those conditions. I would not state it as a fact, but I am under the impression that they can see well in the dark.

Another point of interest I noticed was the prevalence of what appeared to

be rheumatism among the pygmies. This was not astonishing, and living as they do I do not see how they could avoid having this malady. Their huts are always built where it is damp, and they sleep on the cold ground with no covering of any kind. I saw no more than half a dozen of these little men carry grass into their shelters, and then it was only a few handfuls. When they retire for the night they just crawl through their tiny doors and drop.

Several times our miniature actors came to me and complained of pains in the back that may have been caused by rheumatism or lumbago, and I saw some of the elders with swollen, knotted hands. They may have suffered from these complaints through generations. Of course they have built up a strong resistance against any disease, living as they do. I believe, however, that pygmies die at an early age. We saw few really elderly men or women among them.

Their diet impressed me as being entirely insufficient for the development of a strong, healthy body, in spite of the fact that they seem to have much strength and little illness. They eat the simplest food, and surely miss some important vitamins. I know they have a most terrific craving for salt, and appreciate it more than any other gift. Whenever we gave one of our little friends a portion of salt he ate it immediately with relish, as if his whole body was crying out for it.

I mention these things because they strike me as being very interesting, and with no thought of suggesting any theories of my own. My observations of the Ituri Forest pygmies afforded me a source of entertainment, and certainly piqued my curiosity. There were so many things I wanted to know about them and could not ascertain that I left with many questions unanswered. In pondering on their origin I call to mind the pygmies we encountered on the island of Santo of the New Hebrides group in the South Seas many years ago. Biologically and psychologically these island dwarfs were mates to those of the Ituri, and their manners and customs were very similar. The evidence indicates that they sprang from the self-same source.



These game traps are found throughout the Ituri Forest. Inserted in a log of very heavy wood is a long, sharp spear. The animal on the trail, by touching a fine cord, trips the poised spear which falls and pins him to the ground.



A housekeeping problem! Here is one day's food supply for five hundred pygmies. Green bananas were their principal diet, and when they finally returned to their forest homes we had used up all the bananas within a radius of fifty miles.

## CHAPTER VIII

### HEARING CENTRAL AFRICA

"What kind of pygmies did you say these were, Martin?"

"They are known as the Bambutti pygmies."

"Do you spell that with a 'B' or a 'D'?"

It was Lew speaking after a trying day, during which we had laboured to get the voices of the pygmies as well as their pictures recorded. Lew, who proved beyond a doubt that he is one of the best sound-men in the business, was forced to meet and solve sound problems, the like of which he had never dreamed, on our safari from which we brought the first sound pictures ever made in Central Africa. He was the engineer, working with Dick, our sound camera man, who likewise developed many a headache labouring under entirely new conditions in this virgin field of the African forest land.

We left Nairobi with special machinery, complicated and heavy, for this pioneer sound-picture expedition. The portable equipment, with batteries, spares, and the like, weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. In addition we were obliged to carry a complete electrical generating plant, the entire outfit weighing some three thousand pounds. The recording apparatus, which Lew nursed like a sick baby during the entire time we were out, included a perplexing maze of fine, complicated wires that would tax the genius of any man to keep in order in civilization, let alone the wilds of Africa.

All of this delicate equipment was jostled about in our motor cars, shaken on the backs of native porters, and exposed to weather sometimes hot and arid, but often wet and soggy, as was the case in the Ituri Forest and in the mountains near Parc National Albert. There were times when we were almost in despair at the difficulties which had to be surmounted in order to get our sound effects, and no one was more amazed than I at the remarkable results obtained.

We made talking pictures of natives, their music, dances, and songs, the like of which have never before been witnessed by man. We caught animal sounds, clear, natural, and perfectly recorded. Even the atmosphere of that wild country was registered on the film, despite our many difficulties. One sound we did not bring back was the roar of a wild lion. This could hardly be expected, though, as we were not out to do any "faking." Lions only roar at night, with the exception of occasions during rain and fog, when they sometimes growl as though complaining of the weather, and it impossible to take pictures under these conditions. Besides, to obtain proper sound effect, the microphone must be within twenty feet of the subject. We had no one in our party who was willing to carry the microphone so close to an African lion

in the daylight and then induce him to stage a special roaring performance, so we just gave up this project as an undesirable task.

Among the Little People we learned a great deal about sound. Their dark forest home was inevitably damp, and dismal, outside of the few daylight hours in which the sun penetrated through. This condition caused batteries to deteriorate, wires and connections to corrode, film to swell, and insulation to break down or leak through. Had we stayed in that locality a month longer Lew informed me the entire equipment would have been ruined beyond repair.

Swelling of film on which both pictures and sound were to be recorded was the bane of Dick's life among the pygmies. The intermittent of his camera needed perfect adjustment, far more delicate than that required for my silent picture camera. It is driven by, but does not control the shutter shaft. This mechanism, which pulls the film along, must operate accurately to the fraction of a second. Film slightly swollen throws everything off the balance and makes frequent adjustments necessary.

At one period while in the forest we were without sound equipment for three weeks when a cam used on the petrol motor generator broke. Dick and Lew had to make three trips to Kilo, where the Belgians maintained a machine shop at the mines, before repairs could be completed. Kilo was a hundred and fifty miles from our base camp.

Excessive dampness caused rapid deterioration in the batteries, and proved an unending source of worry. This necessitated frequent charging and replacement of battery banks with voltages ranging from six to four hundred aeolites. This extremely high voltage is necessary to operate the sound-recording lamp.

Our most interesting as well as annoying experience was in the Ituri Forest, where we assembled our village of five hundred pygmies into the most remarkable cast of moving picture actors ever assembled. Adinnie, the coal-black girl whom we chose as the dark star of the company, turned out to be a good subject for silent photography but a terrible flop in the talkies. After hours of patient coaching, in which she was instructed to carry on a conversation with her friends, Adinnie would get before the camera and become frightened at the sound of her own voice. Then, overcome by shyness, she would put her hands before her face and cower in embarrassment, her speaking part deteriorating into a muttering of "A-waa, a-waa, a-woo, a-a-a-a."

The other pygmies were just natural-born actors. They seem to catch the spirit of the thing, and entered into it whole-heartedly like the children they were. They played their odd little musical instruments for us, danced, sang, talked, and performed. However they did not and could not understand the complicated equipment we were using, and silence on our woodland set was not only golden—it was scarce.

For instance, we wanted the sound of a chorus of these voices speaking at

once. We got them to talk naturally. The effect was nothing like the actual sound on our ears. Lew, listening in with a head set, stopped us at once. The result he got was nothing but an unintelligible roar. We then picked out a few little actors with voices of different pitch. This worked out nicely at first, but then the actors became excited and changed the tone of voice in which they had been speaking, making just another jumble on the film.

We would get the stage all set for a scene after impressing with all the emphasis possible the necessity of being quiet. If you want to get an idea of what we were facing, just gather together five hundred children under the age of ten into a park some day and try to keep them still. Quiet, to the pygmies, was merely a relative term. While the camera was grinding they would whisper and giggle or move their feet about in the grass, all of which was picked up by the microphone. Or perhaps, when all was going well, a baby would begin to cry, or a pygmy dog would bark, ruining the entire effect.

While these sound pictures were being made Lew would be busy at the controls and Dick with the camera, while I acted in the role of director. When anything went wrong one of us would give a signal to stop activities. There were some occasions on which I failed to give the signal in time to halt the picture-taking. This I learned after the films were developed, and I was surprised to hear my own voice saying, "What in hell are you doing over there?" and on one occasion, "Stop that damn noise," expressions hardly in keeping with the talkie we were trying to take.

Then everything would be progressing smoothly, and Lew would give us the signal to stop. One of that maze of wires had been loosened, causing a singing noise on the film. Lew would get busy with soldering iron.

"All right. Let's go" he would sing out.

A few more feet of film and then, "Wait a minute." This from Dick, fighting with a bit of buckled film. "O.K." he would yell, and again the picture was in progress. "Hold 'er!" It was my turn. The actors were mixed up in their roles. And so it went on, week after week.

All of this left no impression at all on the pygmies that I could discern. They took everything as a matter of course, showed no inclination to look at our intricate machinery, and asked no questions about it. Even our electric lights failed to stimulate their curiosity.

While the sound pictures were being made I often reproduced them with my silent camera, developing pictures in camp. I also took stills, several of which I showed to the Little People. They would take these pictures, turn them upside down and all around, without the slightest conception as to what they were. I would display a perfect likeness of one or more of a group, but not a pygmy would recognize a person in the picture. It was exactly the same with scenes. I could take a reproduction of a native hut, show the scene to a pygmy and also the picture. He would have no idea of what the photograph meant, and could not associate it with the original. It was actually funny at times to see these Little People toying with a picture. They realized that we

wanted to show them something but it might as well have been a blank piece of paper for all the meaning they got out of it.

This same inability to understand pictures is a characteristic of all savages with whom I have been in contact all over the world. I have shown pictures of elephants and giraffes to black people who have spent their lives among these denizens of the forest, yet they could not comprehend their meaning, no matter how much explanation was given to them.

I once discussed this matter with a missionary in the South Seas, who related an incident anent one of his pupils that reflected little credit on himself. He had been instructing a class in reading, he said, for three months, when he called on various pupils to read aloud. He walked about the room while this was being done, and noticed that one boy, although reading perfectly, was holding his book upside down. This boy, he asserted, had studied with his book upside down, and had learned to read it that way. He must have been a very careless teacher, but that was his story.

Native peoples in the dark lands are able to grasp moving pictures, but show little interest in them. While we were on safari we kept sending film back, and I sent word to the Eastman Company to prepare for us six films, including some of the best and some of the worst pictures we had taken. The results were surprisingly good, and I was greatly pleased.

Picture houses in Nairobi are closed on Sunday, so I rented a theatre on a Sunday and told all the boys who had accompanied us to be at the theatre at two-thirty in the afternoon. These boys had been with us all during the expedition, and most of them appeared in the pictures. They watched the show silently. After it was over I loitered near them, hoping to hear some criticism.

The boys stayed in a group, talking in low tones, and showing no inclination to leave. Perhaps they were so interested they would like to see the films again. This thought pleased me. Finally, one detached himself from the others and walked up to me.

“Bwana, when do we get paid?” he asked.

“Paid!” I shouted. “What you mean, paid?”

“Well, you told us to come here.”

That was the native reaction to my efforts to entertain these African blacks. I stormed at them, and drove them away in a hurry.

This lack of appreciation of the moving picture art by the natives was demonstrated to me clearly after we had completed the filming of “Simba.” I rented a picture house in Nairobi where for four days we showed the film and made personal appearances. When we were dressed for the first showing I noticed that Phisie, our cook, had finished his work, and asked him if he would like to go along. He said he would, so we took him in the car to the theatre. After the showing I asked him how he liked it.

“Very well,” he replied. No sign of enthusiasm. The next evening, however, he was ready to go again, and asked us to take him. This was repeated on the remaining two evenings. I was flattered. Here, finally, was a

native who appreciated movie art. I decided to pin him down and find out why he was so interested in the pictures.

"Now, Phisie," I said, "tell me why you went to see the pictures four evenings in a row."

"I wanted to find out what you white people see in them," he replied.

Further questioning revealed the fact that Phisie understood very little of what he had been seeing in spite of having watched the pictures on four successive evenings. On the last evening he recognized a picture of himself, which was very clear. He did not catch this picture the first or second time, he said, and only thought that he saw it on the third showing. On the fourth night he was watching for this bit of film, and finally recognized his own likeness.

Then the real reason for his fidelity cropped out. "But where," he asked, "was the picture I took?"

He was referring to a short trip from camp which he had taken with Osa and me, when we came upon a sleeping rhinoceros. It was a clear day, perfect for photography. It is difficult to teach natives to turn the crank of a camera evenly. They have a tendency to pull sharply on the downward stroke and push slowly as the crank ascends. Phisie, however, had seen me operate a camera a thousand times. I set up the machine and gave him careful instructions as to how to turn the crank. Then I got him to run off a few feet of film for practice, and he did very well.

With Phisie starting to operate the camera we moved to within thirty feet of the sleeping rhino, and purposely made a noise to awaken it. The animal jumped to its feet, startled, charged to within eighteen feet of us, snorting and pawing the ground, and then whirled to retreat. An excellent picture, I thought.

Now on the left side of the camera there was a crank used to remove the lens for panoramic effect. We found Phisie turning both cranks industriously on our return to him, and when the film was developed it showed nothing but a view of the clear sky above. And Phisie had spent four consecutive nights looking for the result of his work as a camera-man.

On our sound expedition distant noises crept into our microphone in a most surprising manner. We would be working absolutely unaware of birds and yet, upon listening to the film, their whistling from distances of a hundred and two hundred yards would be audible. It was remarkable the way birds registered on our film all through the trip. Their high-pitched voices were picked up at unusual distances, but as a rule they added a pleasing and natural touch to the pictures. It was the same way with crickets. We made sound film without realizing that crickets were anywhere in our vicinity. However, their shrill racket found its way to the celluloid.

Insects too caused us much trouble. When one would inadvertently fly against the microphone it would produce a sound like the striking of a gong. At times our sound would be broken with a chime-like series of vibrations. "Bong-bong-bong, bong, bong-bong-bong-bong" the insects would strike

against the microphone. There were occasions when these tiny winged creatures actually forced us to discontinue our activities for the day.

Teddy Tantrum, our chimpanzee pet, had absolutely no sympathy for our filming efforts. Teddy had a fondness for beating tin pans. He also was in the habit of awakening very early in the morning. It was bad enough to be routed from sleep by the clatter of a spoon on a dishpan in the hands of the chimp., but Teddy was not satisfied with serving merely as an alarm-clock. Any time during the day that he could get hold of a petrol tin or a pan he would start hammering. It was decidedly annoying to be in the midst of a picture and suddenly hear a series of bangs crash into the microphone as Teddy slammed away on a piece of tin. As a last resort we had to tie the rascal up where he could not reach anything to pound upon.

In this Ituri territory four mornings out of five were too foggy to take pictures. Then a clear day would dawn, and everybody would be full of enthusiasm. Lew would get his sound gear set up and listen for a few minutes.

“Well, nothing doing to-day, boys,” he would say, which meant that sound-recording was out on account of the wind. A strong wind would stop us cold. Although hardly noticeable to our ears it would screech and howl into the microphone, making a discord like static one sometimes hears on the wireless. The rustling of leaves also sounded anything but natural, we learned. When picked up by the microphone this caused a disagreeable, discordant effect.

The sound of water would not register properly either. This was strikingly illustrated on a bit of film taken of me while washing my face. Drops falling into the tin pan sounded like mercury dripping on metal.

One especially gratifying stretch of film we took, perfect in sound and picture, was interrupted by the clear call, “Martin, dinner is ready!” This clarion call came from Osa, who was more than a hundred yards away in camp.

Osa’s voice, pleasing in tone, will fill a large hall clearly and distinctly. It is high pitched, however, and we had to experiment extensively before we caught it through the microphone with anything like the natural tone. We covered the microphone with crape, and Lew, listening in at the controls, tested her voice at varying pitches. Finally we caught the pitch that registered well, but to me it does not sound like Osa talking, although every word is distinct.

I was more fortunate with my own voice, it naturally having a deeper quality. The words are clearly understood, although friends tell me that the reproduction is not exactly natural. Most of the pygmies, we found, had voices that registered perfectly on the film.

This sound business was rather new to me, and at times I was impatient at the many delays in the forest. Along with the fog, insects, wind, birds, Teddy, and other disturbances, the middle of the day was a period of inactivity. Taking pictures between the hours of ten-thirty in the morning and three in the

afternoon always resulted unsatisfactorily. This, of course, had nothing to do with the sound equipment, it was a matter of light really. The sun shining down directly, or even nearly so, causes shadows that mar the features of people, and gave the pygmies an appearance that was unreal. My major interest has always been photography, so I waited until the light was proper before trying to make pictures.

Our recurring troubles in the Ituri forest caused us to waste thousands of feet of film, but we worked steadily on week after week until we felt sure that we had accomplished our object. But to assure myself that our time in this section would count for something, I duplicated the entire picture with my silent camera, which I later was happy to discover had been unnecessary.

When we were taking pictures on the plains, where it was hot and dry, Dick found conditions just opposite to those in the forest. Here the weather caused his film to warp, which resulted in more annoyance. We spent many days in blinds at waterholes waiting for animals to appear. In the Kaisoot desert we caught fine pictures of warthog, giraffe, common zebra, Grevey's zebra, impalla, Grant's gazelle, oryx, and a varied assortment of birds.

Few wild animals make noises during the day, and naturally we did not get many vocal expressions. However, we did catch the sound of animal feet crunching gravel, splashing through mud, and wading in water. Zebras kicking each other, and oryx fighting with locked horns, also registered clearly.

I was anxious to catch the sound of elephant-trumpeting, but the big beasts would not favour us with this particular kind of entertainment. Our microphone did register their movements as heavy feet clumped through the mud and water was thrown upon their backs.

Another reluctant sound performer we met on our travels was the gorilla. This noisy beast would not scream for our benefit when near the microphone. We did catch his voice, though, in pictures showing us rushing toward him, although he was well back in the jungle out of sight at such times.

I was gratified at the results we obtained from our waterhole pictures. The sound apparatus caught the atmosphere perfectly. We could hear animals walk down for their daily drink, loiter at the water's edge, fight and wrangle with each other. The singing of birds made wild music for the film, and the tinkling of water was just faint enough to muffle its metallic quality.

We spent three months on the desert endeavouring to get sound-recordings of rhinoceros, and never in my life have I seen these animals so stubborn and cowardly. We lay in ambush for them, attempted to drive them toward the microphone, and tried all sorts of dodges, but they would not act naturally.

We tried slipping up on the sleeping brutes in our motor car, getting within two hundred yards of them. Then, with Osa carrying guns, I would walk to within seventy or eighty yards of them. According to all rules and regulations the rhinos were supposed to charge at me. The scheme would be for me to run thirty or forty feet behind the microphone, and then shoot after

we had picked up the sound of the charging animal. However, the rhinos just refused to play.

"They're a bunch of sissies," was Osa's indignant comment.

On one occasion we came upon a mother rhino and her baby snoozing in front of a steep escarpment, and, thinking they would avoid the climb and charge toward us, decided to rush them with the car. I sat on the radiator holding the microphone to keep it from jarring. Dick was on top of the machine with his camera focused so that it would shoot over my head. Osa, gun in hand, stood on the running-board. A black driver was at the wheel.

We were within fifty feet of the animals when they awakened. The mother charged within thirty feet of us, then turned. The two of them raced up the escarpment, sending the rocks clattering down behind them. Surely we had procured an excellent sound picture. While the machine was bumping along, however, Osa's hold on a stanchion loosened, and she reached higher to get a better grip, inadvertently grasping a camera tripod-leg. This caused the camera to pan, and threw the finder out of true. Dick had to swing the lens to get back on the rhinos, but even so we got some satisfactory film.

At Murchison Falls we had a great deal of experience with water sounds. We attached the microphone to the bow of our boat and found that the ripple of water as we moved along registered too sharply. We remedied this by raising it away from the water. Hippopotamuses proved good subjects here as well as in the Rutshuru River. The big fellows bellowed for us, and blew loudly when they emerged after a long sojourn under water.

Crocodiles gave us a bit more trouble, as they lived closer to the waterfalls, which created a constant roar. In taking their pictures we would manoeuvre into such a position that we could float toward them. On awakening their heavy jaws would close with a plop, which the film picked up. Now and then, however, one would strike the boat on rushing into the water, and this sounded louder than a crash of thunder. Hundreds of birds in this camera man's Eden sang for us all the while, adding much interest to our films.

We experimented extensively in trying to catch the sound of the waterfall naturally, but met with little success. All of these constant noises, such as the fall of water, whine of the wind, or rustling of the leaves, seemed to defy the microphone and refuse to filter through as they sounded in our ears. We did not try any artificial means of imitating such noises to make them appear more realistic in the pictures.

Lew, using earphones and controlling the gain (or volume), had to be always on the alert. Animal sounds as a rule were so low that the gain had to be high. It was necessary to cut down the volume on occasion. If a gun were fired with the apparatus set at high volume the shot would distort the entire effect.

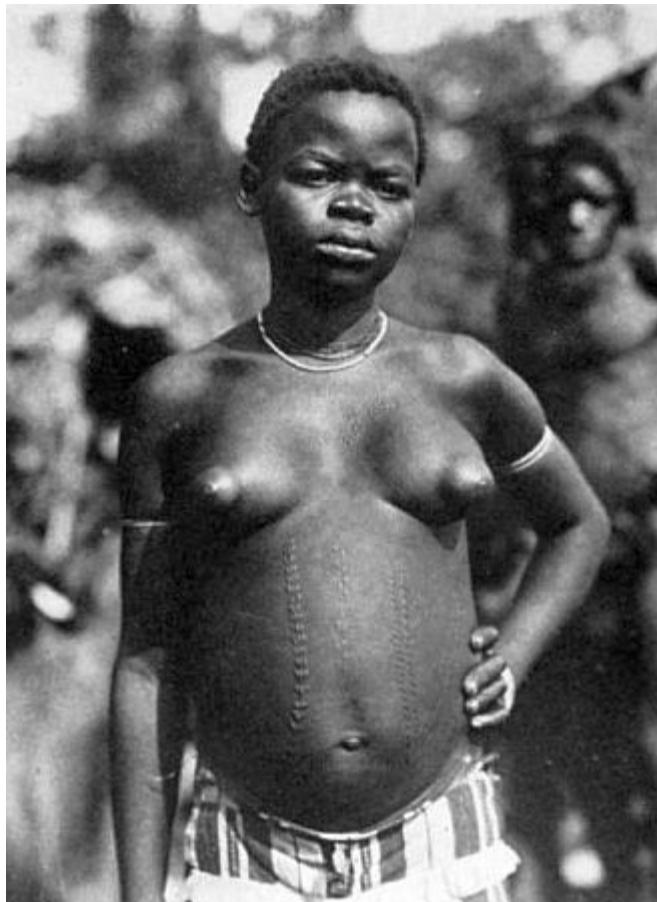
We obtained our best results working with the natives. It was comparatively easy to induce these people to perform for us, and we got

wonderful negative reproducing their primitive activities. Of course they could not use our language, but their voices were natural, and accompanied by the pictures give a good idea of what they are talking about.

While at work in Africa I harboured many doubts about the success of our sound efforts, but on projecting the films after our return I was more than pleased. Despite all our troubles and difficulties they turned out amazingly well. We were able to depict the life of animals and humans in their wild surroundings so accurately that they seem as natural on the screen as in their own setting.

Dick and Lew proved that they are masters at the art of taking sound pictures on this expedition, and they cannot be praised too highly. Lew knew every inch of his complicated machinery, and spent hour after hour struggling to keep it in working order when we were not taking pictures. The generator, although somewhat of a bother to transport, was an unusual convenience. It enabled us to have our camp lighted by electricity, the first ever to break through the darkness of Central Africa. But best of all, we brought home the first authentic talking pictures ever taken there, and they are far better than I had dared hope for when the safari began.

I intend to visit the Little People of the Ituri Forest again, and when I do I will take along a portable projection machine with some of the pictures which we took of them. By that time some of our tiny actors will be dead, others far in the forest. I am eager to note the reactions of the pygmies when they see old friends and hear half-forgotten voices of the past. I feel sure they will be able to grasp the meaning of the moving and talking pictures to some extent, despite the fact that still pictures conveyed nothing to their immature minds.



Adinnie, whose mother is a pygmy while her father comes from a larger tribe outside the forest. We used Adinnie as the star of our talking pictures, but her lack of intellect gave us much trouble. She was typically beautiful but dumb.



When we approached, this rhino was asleep but the tick-birds immediately rose in the air arousing him. Here he stands alert, trying to decide where danger lurks.



Hippos on the Rutshuru River in the Belgian Congo near Lake Edward. Here there are probably more hippo than anywhere else in Africa. The river, flowing through the center of the Parc National Albert, is ideally situated for this big animal, as there is staple grazing and very few natives, and no shooting allowed in the Parc.



The hippo spends the night grazing and during the day lies in the water asleep, with his head barely showing. While we were around, they never got their full day's sleep, so were always yawning. Now and then one would make a false charge to the edge of the water, trying to frighten us away.

# CHAPTER IX

## THE GORILLA QUEST BEGINS

The Ituri Forest again! Here we were driving hard and fast through the stately gloom of the familiar road to Beni. We had enjoyed two weeks of rest and preparation among the hospitable Belgians of Irumu, and were impatient now to make time on our long-anticipated safari into the lofty haunts of the gorilla.

Twenty miles beyond Beni the bridge over a swollen stream had been washed away. It would be eight days before another bridge could be built we were told. Eight days in the mud of that damp and dreary forest! Even if we had not been in a hurry, eight hours would be penance enough. In sheer desperation we threw a makeshift bridge across that torrent and gained the other side half an hour before the flimsy structure was swept away.

Passing through the bare little mountain-girt village of Butembo we drove on and up to the pleasant Government station of Lubero. Now for the most beautiful part of our safari! A marvellous road took us up mountains and down mountains, across swift little streams, through primitive villages perched high on the mountain sides. Up and up we climbed, until we reached a summit nearly nine thousand feet high. Here the cold was piercing, and a misty rain set in. At any moment we might skid off the road into the valleys below. Fortunately for us, we stayed on the road, and gratefully arrived at Kabasha.

You will not find Kabasha on any map. From month to month it shifts its position, for it is at the head of the splendid road that is steadily nosing its way through stubborn barriers of solid rock and will soon form part of the Cape-to-Cairo Highway. When we were there Kabasha was at the end of an escarpment eleven miles above the Ruindi Plains.

An eleven-mile drop on foot! As the road ended at Kabasha—or rather Kabasha ended the road—we would have to leave the cars there and get our equipment down as best we could. How fortunate we were that the next day was Sunday, the one day in the week when the road workers are free and so available as porters!

We secured three hundred porters for the trip, and from daybreak until two that Sunday afternoon we struggled down the escarpment to the camp of Chombe. But Chombe is in the Parc National Albert, the game preserve founded by Carl Akeley—and we needed meat. We dragged ourselves on for another hour, therefore, until we were outside the preserve, and settled in a comfortable camp on the Ruindi Plains.

In all the years we have spent in Africa I have never heard such a chorus of lions as roared about us that night. Those cats surrounded us and serenaded us, and made no secret of it. We flashed our lights on them; they flashed undaunted eyes back at us. Some of them stood within a hundred feet of our tents. Handsome creatures they were too, many of them with exceptionally good manes.

Here was the supreme opportunity for lion flashlights! The next day we built a blind about a quarter of a mile from camp, set up the flash apparatus, and shot an animal for bait. We were all limping, to be sure, from that eleven mile stroll down the escarpment, and we had blistered feet and raw, sore toes. But what were such small casualties in comparison with the thrill of lion photography by dark?

After dinner Osa and I painfully moved our bedding to the blind and waited. The minutes passed; not a lion approached. Minutes grew into hours, and still no lion. No lion, that is, anywhere near the blind. We could hear them all about our camp. The meat that we had shot for ourselves and hung in the trees near our tents proved a stronger lure than the bait!

And if we could even have enjoyed a good night's rest after such a disappointing vigil! But the mosquitoes were a plague and a curse. To cap the climax, it started to rain about one in the morning. It was a defeated, mosquito bitten couple who limped through the rain back to camp that morning.

We had sent to the Government station of Rutshuru for a truck and a hundred porters. As soon as these arrived we moved on toward the Rutshuru River for hippo pictures.

Considerable time was lost in trying every few feet to clear the pig holes and surmount the hard two-foot ant hills that are hidden by the high grass of the plains. Later we had to stop short at a long line of holes three feet apart. Each hole proved to be ten feet long, three feet wide, and fifteen feet deep—a wedge-shaped animal pit that was less than a foot wide at the bottom.

For over two hours we traced that line of holes, and discovered that it formed a horseshoe three miles wide, the most perfect game trap I have ever seen. For miles around the game is driven into the horseshoe and stamped into the pits, there to be speared by the natives. In one such offensive as many as a hundred animals are killed.

## CHAPTER X

### THE LIONS' LULLABY

We pitched our camp on a little cliff overlooking the Rutshuru River, about thirty miles from our last base. And what was that deep rhythm that boomed in on us through the night air? Our usual lion lullaby! But loud, new notes were bellowing through the familiar chorus; these were the salutes of the hippos in the river below.

Suddenly the quiet of our camp was broken by the crashing of branches and the trampling of bush. We had camped on a hippo trail, and one of the 2-ton amphibians was ploughing his clumsy way up to pasture. At sunset these vegetarians desert the water for a night-long feed of grass.

The Rutshuru River surely deserves its fame as a habitat of hippos. By the same token it is a game photographer's paradise. Hippos in herds of twenty, hippos in herds of two hundred! Hippos swimming in the swift current, hippos sleeping on the river bank, hippos sunning themselves on sand bars, hippos stampeding into the water! There was even a mother hippo that swam serenely along carrying her tots on her broad back. Everywhere the gleam of slippery hippo skin, and the wartlike sockets of hippo eyes.

Slippery, did I say? Well, not always. One day I was making short close-ups of the hippo heads that bobbed up and down in a certain river bend. In stepping round a palm-tree clump I almost put my foot on a dry dirt mound in the centre of a mud puddle. The mound proved to be a mud-caked bull hippo sleeping the sleep of the just. But the sound of my camera awakened him. With a snort like a rhino's he whirled on me in the attitude of charge. Suddenly and unaccountably he did an about-face, and rushed into the river, demolishing the bush as he blundered away. That dirt mound was vivid pictorial material.

On another occasion Osa and I stole up to within fifty feet of a group of hippos sleeping under a little tree. The bulky brutes lumbered to their feet, their grotesque little eyes focused on me for two minutes or so, and the air fairly stiffened with the spirit of fight. But instead of attacking the super-dreadnoughts headed for the river, and splashed into the water with an unheroic plop.

I was just getting my breath after the excitement of that picture when I saw a mother and her baby in the water before me. Before I could get my lens trained on the pair the mother made a rush up at me out of the river. The minute she reached the bank, however, the Amazon became a fond parent and plunged back to the baby. Osa put down her gun, and I wound off a rare film

of two generations of heftiness.

Not once, however, could I get a hippo flashlight. And I began to fear that I would never learn to photograph a hippo yawn. Now when a hippo yawns—and the sleepy lummox does yawn often—he makes a good job of it. It takes him but a second or so, but in that fraction of time he seems to open his mouth as far back as his stomach. The trick is to know which great maw is about to open, and to catch it before closing time. After answering many a false alarm, I learned to start turning the crank as soon as a thick lip began to curl or a snout to screw up in preliminary grimace.

That technique applied also to the making of sound films. For an hour at a time not a hippo in a herd would bellow, or blow water, or yawn. Then before we could focus the cameras a bull would bellow or a cow blow water. After days of watchful waiting we got the knack of training on any twitching or wrinkling that seemed likely to prove a premonitory symptom. And at that, nineteen times out of twenty, we prepared for a bellow and found ourselves cranking away on a water-bubble or a yawn.

Our photography at this camp was considerably delayed by the heavy rains and the high river. And it was so hard to find food for our porters in this region. Not that the anaemic-looking fellows were epicures by any means! Accustomed to a state of semi-starvation, they were happy to be assured of a daily ration of two small dried fish and a half-dozen sweet potatoes.

No matter how hard we worked on the problem we never succeeded in having more than one day's food on hand. Every day fifty porters would go to Lake Edward after dried fish, returning the following night. Others would bring in sweet potatoes from a village a day's distance away. I even hired what few local natives were available to fish in the river at our camp.

Despite the fact that these porters could carry sixty pounds with ease they proved as sickly as they looked. They were subject to fever, and so kept me busy administering quinine and salts. And the quantities of salve that I applied to their sores!

After a while I realized that the black lads were actually enjoying poor health. Invalidism was such a treat for them that some morning over half the contingent would report sick. The cure for that condition was one administered in various forms in older cultures than theirs. I had one of my Nairobi boys give bread-dough pills to pseudo-invalids. It was gratifying to see how quickly our patients recovered.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE HANDCUFF KING

The terror of this contingent was Kaneekee, a Government soldier sent with them from Rutshuru. We gave all our orders through this personage, and he saw that they were executed with neatness and despatch. The secret of his power was a pair of handcuffs. Just let a porter hesitate in carrying out an order and on went the handcuffs for a punitive hour or so.

It was awkward, of course, if a new recalcitrant showed his colours while an earlier one was in irons. But then Kaneekee handled that situation simply. He took the handcuffs off Peter to put them on Paul. As a matter of feet Kaneekee went about looking for excuses to clap on those symbols of his authority.

Leaving Dick and Lew to continue the hippo photography, Osa, De Witt, and I safaried on in the rain toward Lake Kivu. For as much as a day at a time the car was stuck in the mud. The only relieving feature of that miserable trip was the hot springs that we passed along the way. Some of these were geysers that spurted six or seven feet up into the air; others were little boiling lakes. We took advantage of the hot water for such homely necessities as the boiling of eggs and the laundering of clothes. Finally we struck the stretch of road work that is to connect the escarpment road with Rutshuru.

Rutshuru is the prettiest Government station I have seen in the Congo. Here, with the help of the territorial administrator, we laid in our food supply for the gorilla expedition. From the Government dairy we procured butter, and from the natives round about fresh vegetables, bananas, chickens, and eggs. We also gathered in an additional shift of porters, arranged for, like the supplies, through the local native chief.

At noon a new car of a popular American make rolled into town. Out of it stepped three dignified natives, a uniformed black soldier armed with a gun, and Ndeze. Ndeze—it sounded like N-daisy—is the local chief. He was easily the best-dressed man in Rutshuru that day. His smart suit must have been tailor-made; it fitted him so well, and from his hat to his polished tan shoes he was a model of tasteful grooming. The dignified gentlemen were his secretaries, the soldier was his bodyguard. Ndeze was about thirty years of age, courteous of speech and manner, and every inch a chief.

That afternoon our camp was startled by weird drum music that kept getting louder and louder. We looked down the hill. Ndeze was returning. This time he was no modern executive, but an African chief, barbaric in his love of show. Neatly dressed, but in a change of costume, he headed the

procession of his fantastic retinue. Behind him marched nine drummers with casklike drums. They were playing, not the monotonous tattoo of the ordinary savage drummer, but a variety of intricate airs. Next came sixty tall spearmen, sober-faced and smartly drilled, who sang as they stepped along. Then followed two corps of dancers, a hundred lithe fellows dressed in skins and adorned on face and body with white paint, and fifty women dressed in skins. A band of fifty Batwa pygmies drew up in the rear.

But the procession came to a halt in front of our tents. Solemnly the drummers began a program of numbers from their Congo repertoire, after which the stern-faced spearmen drilled and sang. The dancers then went through the complicated movements of strange and age-old tribal eurythmics. It seemed to make no difference to the Medusa-coiffed premiere danseuse that her baby was slung to the small of her back. It seemed to make no difference to the baby either, for the black woman's burden slept all through the writhing performance.

Finally Ndeze took the centre of the stage. Gravely he came over to me and made a little speech. Would I see what was the matter with his camera? That was the object of his ceremonious visit! Two of his men advanced with a box, unpacked the camera, and passed it over to me. It was only a matter of a jammed shutter, so I soon adjusted the fault, and gave the camera back. Ndeze gratefully thanked me, showed me some very good pictures that he had taken, gave a brisk command to his Court, and led the procession down the hill.

We afterward saw the five-room brick house that is Ndeze's home, appointed and run like any comfortable white manage that boasts a chauffeur, a cook, and a staff of house servants. Ndeze has an income of about \$7,500 a year, for more than that of any white official in the country. He owns large herds of cattle, and the ivory traffic nets him a good revenue. Of all the pairs of tusks that his army of elephant hunters brings in he keeps one tusk and turns the other over to the Government. For this last, of course, he is paid a good salary.

As soon as our six gorilla scouts joined us we left pleasant little Rutshuru and started on the first lap of the climb toward the volcanic heights that we had looked up at these many weeks with such impatient anticipation.

Twenty-one miles on and up! We were headed for the mission at Lulenga, that outpost of religion where the zealous priests and sisters work so devotedly among the natives.

As we ascended we had a magnificent view of the ancient gorilla mountains. In the dense jungles of that mountain range dwelt the giant recluses whose privacy we were daring to invade. The gorilla, they say, unlike a wellbred child, may be heard but not seen. What luck would we have in recording the movements of the great primate that keeps close to the ground as he steals about in the forest gloom? Would we be able to film that mighty form in its tangled lair? And we were thrilled at the prospect of the adventures that we would have in trailing the largest and least known of the great

anthropoid apes.

## CHAPTER XII

### PLANS CHANGE AT THE MISSION

As we closed in on the trail of gorillas I recalled to mind stories about these apes told to me as feet by natives and guides of whom I sought information. Most of these yarns were blood-curdling narratives of ferocity, superhuman strength, and ruthless cruelty. However, after spending twenty-five years among civilized, semi-civilized, and uncivilized blacks I had come to know these people well. They are not to be depended upon for veracity in their reports. A native will make an effort to tell white men what he thinks they wish to be told. For instance, I overheard a conversation one time between a white traveller and a native in the Meru Forest which ran something like this:

White traveller: "You, of course, have more than one wife, haven't you?"

Native: "Yes."

White traveller: "How many do you have, three or four?"

Native: "Yes."

Now I happened to know that this native had only one wife, which was plenty for him to take care of, and that he had no intention of marrying any others. The seeker of truth, however, left there firmly convinced that he had been talking to the keeper of a dusky harem. This was one of the many incidents I found in which black men gave out utterly false information without the slightest intention of lying. As a rule these people are anxious to please the white men who visit their homelands, and do not hesitate to dally with the truth when they think they are making an impression. For this reason it is well to use a good supply of figurative salt when accepting tales of this kind.

Gorilla guides themselves told me that when one of these animals attacks a man it tears off his arms and legs and tosses them away. One old-timer related to me a vivid report of a gorilla attacking a native with a large club and beating him to death. Another story current in native circles is to the effect that when the leader of a gorilla pack becomes old others in the group beat him to death. It is told that when a leader gets too old to hold his grip he goes away from his band and commits suicide. One native informed me that an old leader, driven from the pack, returns at night, kills each gorilla one by one, and then commits suicide. He did not go on to explain why, if this were true, there are so many of these animals still alive. Other stories, varied and colourful, were in circulation about the gorilla, the most intriguing and exciting of which seemed to be the kidnapping of and cohabiting with human

women by these hairy apes. I am setting this forth because I believe that most of my readers have received information of a similar nature at one time or another, and again I want to call your attention to the necessity of listening to all such reports with your tongue in your cheek.

I sought this gorilla lore deliberately and with the intention of comparing the information with my own observations on the trail of the big ape. One of the last wild yarns I heard as we entered the haunts of gorillas was the report by a white man, who lived there many years, to the effect that a pack of gorillas had slain two native women in the mountains and that tribesmen were at war with the apes. A short time later I visited the village referred to, and found out that there was not the slightest basis for this story. And so it was that when we arrived in Lulenga Mission at noon on October 10, 1930, I was prepared for almost anything.

Lulenga consists of a group of long, one-story buildings with whitewashed walls and roofs of grass or sheet iron. It has a beautiful setting on the side of Mount Mikeno. Rolling ranges, haloed with floating fog through which volcanoes belch billows of smoke and flame, form a majestic setting. It is a living background, always changing and ever new as the mists rise and fall, whirl and roll in droll and hazy patterns. Around the buildings gardens filled with flowers of rainbow hue turn happy, petalled faces to the sun; beyond them vegetable gardens, neatly kept, add a peaceful, rustic touch to the countryside. In addition to the dwellings the settlement includes workshops, a small sawmill, carpenter's shop, and several school buildings for natives. The largest structure of all is the Catholic church.

Lulenga is in but not a part of the Parc National Albert, that extensive game preserve established by the Belgians as a result of efforts made by Carl Akeley to provide a haven for gorillas. In setting aside the park, it was agreed that no one could own land there. The Church property at Lulenga, however, was already privately owned, and this pretty spot was made a sort of an oasis located at the edge of the park.

The mission was ruled by five jolly White Fathers and four friendly nuns, some of whom had lived there fifteen years. These people, sincere and conscientious in the practice of their religion, not only laboured hard for the spiritual rescue of their untutored neighbours, but looked upon the blacks with parental affection, bringing to them the treasures of education and comfort of things material. When we reached the settlement the Fathers gave us a comfortable three-room rest house in which to live, supplied us with fruit and vegetables, and helped in every way to make our expedition a success.

In the afternoon Ambrosia, the local native chief, paid us a visit, and said that he had instructions from Chief Ndeze to give us every aid he could. I told him to have 165 porters ready in the morning, together with food for them in addition to potatoes for my Nairobi porters, beans and peas for our native guides, and milk and eggs for ourselves. Lew and Dick we had left behind with their equipment in our hippo camp on the Rutshuru River. When

assembled at Lulenga the expedition consisted of Osa, DeWitt Sage, myself, and 185 natives. Ambrosia proved a willing worker, and within two hours our provisions began to arrive.

That night the five White Fathers ate dinner with us, and I told them of our plan to follow the trail blazed by Carl Akeley around and up the right side of Mount Mikeno, a three-day safari to the place where Akeley died and was buried. One of the Fathers said he thought he knew of a better gorilla country for us to visit, and that he had sent some natives for us to discuss this suggestion with.

The natives arrived after dinner, and we heard their story. They advised us to follow the left side of Mount Mikeno, just opposite to that travelled by Akeley. We could reach gorilla country in a day, establish a base lower in altitude than that of the Akeley expedition, and find more gorillas. Besides it was not so cold, and there would not be as much rain at this season of the year on the route suggested, we were told. These men appeared confident in what they related to us, and the Fathers seemed to place great faith in them. The good men pointed out that we could try the new hunting ground first, and if results were not satisfactory we could return to the Akeley trail.

For months I had collected information in preparation for a trip along the right side of the mountain, and all our plans pointed in that direction. I was reluctant to alter the original route at the last minute, but this new information was so promising that I decided to do so. I lay awake far into the night wondering if I had made the right decision. Later developments convinced me that I had.

We were up before daybreak the next morning, and just as dawn began creeping down the mountainside the porters arrived. At eight-thirty we were off. The two natives who induced us to change our plans were on hand, accompanied by two Batwa pygmies, who were larger and more plump in build than the Little People of Ituri, but having the true pygmy features. These made our guides number ten, including the natives, the pygmies, and six game rangers. All of them knew the mountains well, and had been on previous expeditions. We felt sure that they could lead us to the gorilla haunts.

For several weeks my stomach had been giving me trouble. One doctor had told me that it had slumped down out of place, and that I should walk no more than was absolutely necessary. For this reason I borrowed a tepoy (a chair suspended from two poles which natives carry). On leaving the mission, however, I felt so well that I did not use the chair. After two hours we hit the undergrowth, and found out that it would be impossible to use the chair anyway. This tepoy turned out to be nothing but a nuisance. We forgot to return it from our first camp, and it followed us all round the mountain, empty.

Along with the undergrowth we reached a very steep ascent along a wet and muddy trail. Often we waded through water, our feet skidding on the mud and rocks beneath it. Every few hundred yards it was necessary to stop for a

rest, and as we went higher into the altitude it became more difficult to breathe. Our breathing became laboured, and our hearts beat so hard that we could see the shirts of each other flutter on our chests. We required frequent rests, and our porters passed us, climbing along without any hesitation, never seeming to feel the effects of the altitude or weariness, despite the sixty-pound loads they carried. I felt like a tenderfoot, having to pause for rest when the only thing my legs had to carry was myself. It turned out that this group of mountain porters was the best we ever had. They were tireless and cheerful, always ready to carry on, no matter how heavy the load or tough the going. Every order I gave was obeyed willingly, and there were no signs of discontent on the part of our workers.

We kept up the grind for five hours, but on reaching an open space spread some canvas and actually flopped on the ground. Osa and I were completely done up, and unwilling to move another step. After an hour's rest we managed to sit up and eat some lunch. Our expedition had passed us by, DeWitt along with it, and we were alone with our servants.

We concluded that it was necessary to go on however, and calling our camera and personal boys together, packed up and resumed the weary trek. A few minutes later, not more than two hundred yards from our resting-place, we came upon our camp. The tents were nearly up, and a fire was burning, because it was getting chilly. DeWitt was sitting at a table enjoying a hot lunch in comfort. Osa and I lifted our eyebrows at each other. We had made our lunch on cheese, crackers, and a bottle of beer!

This camp was one of the most attractive Osa and I had seen in our twenty-two years of nomadic married life. All around us were mountain ranges—Mikeno, Karisindi, Visoki, and Sabino. Mikeno, Karisindi, and Visoki seemed to merge at the point where our camp was pitched. Karisindi was grey-headed with snow, while patches of white gleamed on Mount Mikeno. We estimated that we were 9000 feet above sea-level.

In front of our tent a tiny lake, gleaming like a jewel, nestled in a setting gouged out of the hillside. The water was clear and cold, dotted with lilies and fringed with deep green swamp grass. Our camp was walled with mountain trees, from which streamers of Spanish moss swayed in the breeze. Under these trees grew scrub bamboo, principal food of the gorillas. Here and there were clumps of wild celery, another important item in the diet of the hairy apes. In appearance this was similar to our domestic celery, but it grew in giant stalks some three feet in height. The odour was familiar, and it tasted like the domestic growth, but it was bitter, like quinine, and unfit for human consumption. Gorillas are fond of it, though. In fact I learned that Mikeno gorillas live entirely on this celery, bamboo shoots, and the tender buds of trees and bushes. However, I believe that two-thirds of their food supply consists of shoots of young bamboo.

Our twenty-two East African boys, who had been dubious about this adventure because of the tales of hardship, cold, and danger they had heard

we would encounter, were relieved when we found this fairy glade on the mountainside. They sang, laughed, and played jokes upon each other. The thrill of reaching our goal also heightened their spirits, and I was glad to see them cheerful and happy, playing about in the crisp, bracing air, as we paused on the verge of our great adventure.

Our one hundred and sixty-five local porters also set to work with a will gathering firewood in large piles, fetching water, throwing up shelters for those who were to remain, and constructing outbuildings. There was much small talk, laughter, and song among them.

By four o'clock we were all set, with the camp laid out perfectly for everyone. The local natives made huts by the simple process of cutting spaces in the denser clumps of bamboo, over which they bent the larger growths on the rim toward the centre, where they tied them. When finished each hut resembled the tepee of the American Indian. Many layers of bamboo and leaves for the walls made these hutches waterproof I entered one to find it warm and comfortable. It took no more than thirty minutes to build one of these structures, a splendid example of the ingenuity of these native people. Our Nairobi boys, however, preferred their tents, which they pitched in a circle round a camp fire in the centre of a large clearing.

When all was ready the local boys lined up, and from them I selected twenty of the heftiest to remain with us. The others were sent down the mountain to hold themselves in readiness when we summoned them. It was necessary to make this arrangement, because we had food supplies for no more than twenty extra, and our supply of blankets was limited. These men were almost naked, a piece of cow or goat skin comprising their entire wardrobe, and it was cold on the mountain. I gave each boy two blankets. Our East African boys already had several blankets apiece, but they needed more covering because they were unused to such low temperatures. I also gave each of these boys a heavy sweater.

Although it was supposed to be the rainy season the clear weather we now enjoyed held for five days. Before we left the mission the Catholic sisters promised to pray for favourable weather and the success of our safari, and it seemed as though their supplications had been answered. Even the guides said they had never known so long a stretch of dry weather at this season of the year.

As the sun began to settle down behind Mikeno on this first evening in our delightful camp Osa, DeWitt, and I sat in front of our dining-tent absorbed in watching the changing, fading colours in which the dying day was buried. With the loss of the sun the mountain side became colder. We donned heavy clothing and woollen sweaters. It was then that I learned to appreciate the Coleman petrol stoves we carried. These stoves are made for winter use in America. They have open fronts and resemble gas heaters used in fireplaces of American living-rooms. They were invaluable to us. We used them in our dining- and sleeping-tents, which they made snug and cosy. Just before dinner

I looked at a thermometer, which registered 41 degrees. I did not take the temperature during the nights here, but I am sure it neared the freezing-mark.

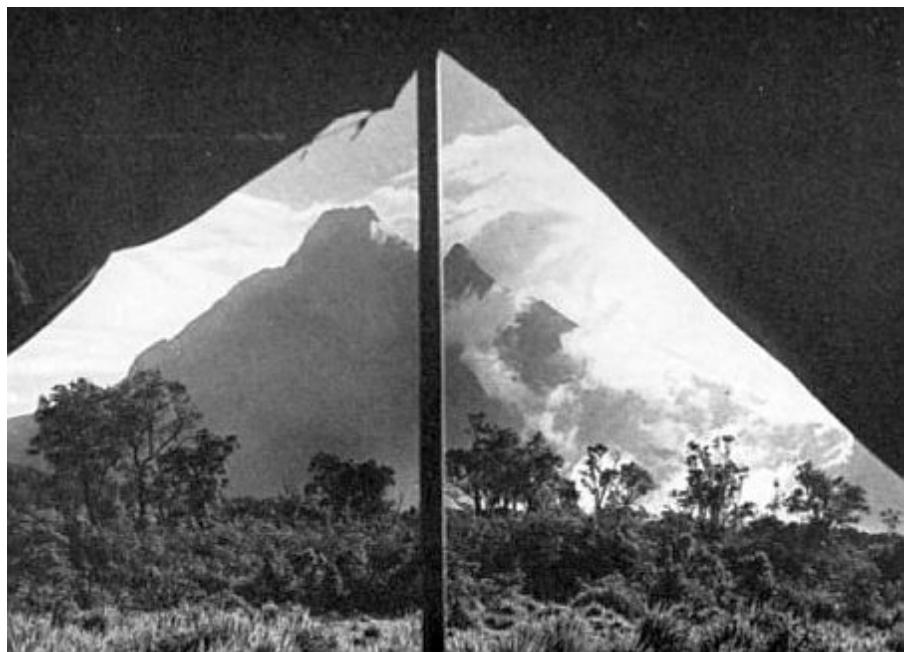
Dinner over, we took our chairs outside and sat near the enormous camp fire our boys had lighted. Physically we were tired, but our spirits were elated. There was little conversation. Each was lost in his own dreams of the morrow, for at last we were in gorilla land, ready to cross the line of the goal we had been seeking for more than a year. We turned in early, preparing for a restful sleep, which was interrupted by the howls of our black contingent. Somehow the bamboo huts had caught fire, and in half an hour nothing was left but embers. The boys doubled up in tents or slept wrapped in blankets close to the fire. The next day they built more huts.



Pygmies with okapi skins that they brought into our camp for sale. So many of these were brought to us, we believe that actually the okapi is not rare and that the pygmies use them for food to a large extent. Unfortunately, most of the skins were not properly cured and were of no value as the hair soon slipped from the leather.



The peak of Mt. Mikeno as seen from our first gorilla camp. One moment we could see Mikeno perfectly. Perhaps two minutes later the fog would roll in and completely obscure the mountain. It was this fog that made our photography so difficult. Most of the day it seemed as though we were walking through the clouds and our clothes were always wet.



Mt. Mikeno as seen from our dining-room tent. The general area and the base of the mountain is ideal gorilla country. We also found elephants, buffalo, lions, leopards and many varieties of forest buck.



Mt. Mikeno from the forest. The jungle directly ahead is the home of the gorilla. Guides told us they had seen signs of gorilla within a short distance of the lower peak.

## CHAPTER XIII

### WE MEET THE HAIRY APES

The next day was Sunday, but we were up at five o'clock just the same, despite the struggle it required to desert our warm blankets, crawl out in the cold air and dress. A few yawns and stretches, however, and we felt like supermen in the pure, bracing atmosphere. The guides wanted to go out to do a little prospecting, and look the country over to find feeding-places of the gorillas. DeWitt said that he would go with them but the guides objected, saying that he would get tired and that they wanted to cover a great deal of ground. However, he insisted, promising that if he tired he would return alone.

I decided to stay in to load plates and films, and to clean cameras and lenses. I was anxious to make pictures of our camp and the mountain peaks around us. Both Osa and I were eager to see gorillas, of course, but we wanted to have our photographic equipment in perfect order before starting out. We took only one short walk into the undergrowth and learned that one buffalo, a leopard, and several buck had visited the lake, the only water for miles around, during the night. We saw no traces of gorillas, which at the time surprised me. Since, however, I have become convinced that these apes seldom, if ever, drink from streams or waterholes. Every morning the jungle growth is wet with either dew or rain. Water accumulates in stalks and leaves of the bamboo and wild celery. Young shoots of these plants are juicy too, so that the animals are provided with plenty of water without the necessity of seeking it in water-courses.

On our short trip we also observed much old elephant spoor, which indicated that these animals gathered here in numbers during some season of the year. We never saw an elephant during our stay, but the guides reported them on several occasions.

DeWitt returned in the evening, tired but enthusiastic, and with glowing promises for the future of our expedition. He had seen no gorillas, but was close enough to hear them breaking bamboo. He refrained from creeping toward them, as he did not wish to disturb them before we went out with our cameras in the morning.

Here I wish to digress, and write a few words about DeWitt, who shared in all of our gorilla adventures and is an important part of this story. He is about twenty-six years old, strong, healthy, full of initiative, and alert. He has a keen mind and an observing eye which misses nothing, not even the smallest detail. I have an idea that some day he will become a scientist, and I shall not be surprised to hear that he has made the gorilla his subject for study and

observation. He will be the ideal man to make a life study of this biggest of all apes.

For want of a better title we called DeWitt "Our Gang of Men" because he was always willing to help at any kind of work. He understood motor cars, spoke excellent Kingwana, hired, fired, and paid porters, as well as settling their disputes. He also spoke French well, which made him invaluable in our meetings with the Belgians. This young companion was full of energy and as enthusiastic over adventure as Osa and I. He had the most even temper of any man I know, was always courteous, and never got excited in a pinch.

On Monday morning we were delayed on our first start into the gorilla haunts. I took extra precautions in loading our movie cameras because I was afraid of static. This static is caused by film moving rapidly through the gate of the camera. If film, camera, and the mechanism are of the same temperature as the atmosphere, no static will be generated. However, if the film and camera get cold during the night and then are taken out for use under a warm sun, the difference in temperature causes static. So, before starting, I opened all of the cameras and warmed them before the gas fireplace. I did the same with the changing bag and magazines, and loaded the films before the fire. I followed this method every day we were here except one, and that was the only day upon which we were bothered by static, proving that my precautions had been well taken.

Once under way we struggled up a steep trail made slippery by wet mud. Last night's dew, dripping from limbs and grass which brushed against us, soaked our clothing as if we had walked through a rainstorm. This dampness, which was to prove one of the besetting evils of our gorilla hunt, increased, and I sent back to camp for sheets of rubberized cloth in which to wrap the cameras. Our damp, chilled clothing slapped against our bodies and sent shivers up and down our spines. Then we began to perspire, but every time we paused for a while we would become chilled. Each one expected to catch cold but this never happened, although conditions under which we worked were similar every day.

We trekked across a donga and followed a trail through dense jungle of bamboo, scrub trees, and tall grass, knit together like cloth with a dozen varieties of vines and trailers. The trees were small, but that did not help us in making our way through the tangle beneath.

The rarified atmosphere made it necessary to halt frequently for rest. As far as I was concerned, my heart seemed to have moved into my head, and after finishing a climb of forty feet up a steep hillside, my head would start to throb so that it would make me dizzy. It took us nearly an hour to reach a plateau which was level but choked with the undergrowth tangle. Here our guides left the path we had been following and took up the trail of gorillas they had heard the day previous. I now began to learn more about gorillas in their native state when we came upon a place in the jungle trampled as though a herd of elephants had passed over it. It was the place where a gorilla pack

had slept the night before.

We could trace thirty distinct nests made of grass on the ground, which revealed the number of animals in the pack. They were built in the depression of a small glade sheltered by a few trees. Grass which grew in the glade must have been four feet high until the gorillas crushed it down to make their nests, some of which were snuggled together while others were apart. Examination of the nests indicated that the gorillas in building them first squat down in a chosen place, and start to pull 'the grass around them. Then they break up twigs into small pieces and gather grass with which to line their beds. Some of the nests contained Spanish moss and piles of bamboo leaves.

Although I have seen gorillas start to build these nests I have never seen them complete the job. I learned from guides and from my own observation that they begin work on these beds about half an hour before sunset, close their eyes when the sun disappears, and sleep until half an hour before it rises in the morning.

I was disappointed to discover that the gorilla which I respected so much as the King of the Apes begins his day in a very dirty and odoriferous condition. All of the nests were lined with dung which the animals had crushed into the grass while they slept. Gorilla spoor resembles elephant droppings, that of the old fellows being similar in size. Gorillas build new nests each night, and on awakening begin feeding, and gradually wander away in the direction which offers the most abundant supply of food. They do not travel more than three or four miles a day, but are always moving, finding new quarters each night.

I have examined abandoned nests built by all four of the great apes—the Orang-outang and Gibbon apes of Borneo, and the chimpanzee and gorilla of Africa. All of them are similar in appearance. I have heard and read of apes making houses with tops, sides, and sometimes even doors. Personally, I have never seen any ape nest that consisted of much more than the crude thing I have described. Some nests that I have observed were in trees, and others at the tops of bamboo growths, but in formation all were exactly alike.

On examining this first group of gorilla beds, and noticing the exposed positions in which the beast retired, I was moved to ask our guides about enemies of these apes. They asserted emphatically that nothing did or could harm the gorilla except man. It is my opinion, however, that leopards will and do kill gorillas.

We spent thirty minutes examining the nests, and then took up the trail, which was as easy to follow as a paved street. The grass was trampled down, pieces of bamboo were scattered about, and spoor was to be seen all along the way, causing a strong, pungent odour. Every few hundred yards we saw where they had paused to feed. They broke off young bamboo shoots, peeled the outer bark and ate the juicy pith. At all of these stops many piles of bark revealed the size of the pack.

The trail led into denser jungle growth, where instead of trampling the

grass the apes travelled through tunnels they had built. We followed on hands and knees to a stretch where the gorillas had travelled on top of underbrush three feet deep. This was easy for them to do with their four hands and evenly distributed weight. It was a trap for us, though, and progress was difficult. Our feet continually broke through, and we struggled along as though we were walking through deep snow, pulling our feet up and down, up and down. It was very tiring.

This led to a clearing in which small clumps of bamboo grew ten to fifteen feet apart. It was there we heard gorillas breaking bamboo. It sounded as if there was an ape in each clump. The guides stopped to show where the animals were, but we did not need their assistance, we could hear them plainly.

It now looked like action, so I quickly set up a movie camera and trained it on a bush, hoping that a gorilla would emerge. I heard what sounded like an animal coming out of another bush, and pointed to it. Nothing happened. Noise indicated that there were animals in other clumps of bamboo. I whirled from one to another, all nerves tense with expectation. I moved about like a jumping-jack, and anyone witnessing the spectacle would have doubted my strength of mind. I was so eager to glimpse one of these apes that I could feel goose pimples all over my skin. Triumph seemed near. I was right in the middle of a large pack of apes, and I felt that any second one would pop into view. I continued to turn my lens about for fully ten minutes and nothing happened; not a gorilla showed itself, but the breaking of bamboo continued.

Finally I focused my camera on a clump from which the loudest noise was coming, and which afforded the best light. Suddenly the gorilla sounds ceased. I could hear the pad of moving feet. Limbs of the bamboo clump swayed slightly. I put my camera crank in motion.

Suddenly a huge black face peered through the bamboo. It was then I found the source for the fabulous tales about this fearsome-looking beast. The face was black, like oiled and polished leather; black as anything you will ever see. Framing it was black, close-cropped hair, through which round, small ears were peeping. Two eyes stared solemnly and directly at me. There was something about those eyes that suggested an evil spirit. They seemed to be glaring right through me, as though some Satanic judge of the nether world were considering the penalty for one who dared invade his forbidden precincts. No wonder people believed these hairy creatures to be half-man, half-demon. That face, with its curling, sneering lips, looked cold, cruel, and murderous.

Only a few seconds I looked into those stolid, musing eyes, and in the twinkling of an eyelash the head vanished. Then suddenly the stillness of the mountain side was broken with an ear-splitting scream that ripped through the jungle. It was followed by another, and still another, in a nerve-racking, blood-chilling chorus. These shrieking cries went through, around, and over us, only to hit a mountain side that hurled them back with painful echoes

caused by the roaring assault. It seemed that the demons of hell had broken through the earth's crust, ready to tear it apart and hurl the pieces into the universe.

The surprise of this horrible medley left me rigid, and it was several minutes before I regained my poise. Then recovering my eagerness to picture these apes, I ran to another screaming bush. I did not have time to set up the camera, but I was quick enough to see another black shadow fading into the dense bamboo. Believing there was no chance for a picture, I set the camera down and stepped closer to the clump. Then, not more than fifteen feet away, an enormous gorilla slowly arose on his legs, grasping vines with two black hands. He opened his enormous mouth and aimed the most blood-curdling yell ever heard directly at me. I could see his red tongue and blood red gums. Sword-like fangs were bared by the snarling lips; flanking them were teeth, huge and sharp. Had I not known better I would have sworn that this ape was ten feet tall and weighed a thousand pounds, so vivid was the impression. And to this day, although I have seen many gorillas, I will swear that this snarling ape in the bamboo patch was the biggest of them all.

As I stared at that horrid face my legs were locked with the bonds of terror. I had no gun or other weapon for protection, and into my mind leaped all the fearful gorilla stories I had ever heard. I expected any minute to be torn limb from limb. When the ape whirled round, dropped on all fours and ran in the opposite direction, the spell was broken and the warm blood again coursed through my veins. It was a dramatic experience, and stamped a picture on my brain which will never be erased.

The screams continued all around. Osa and DeWitt yelled to me for the camera. Still in a trance I ran to them, arriving just in time to see a great silverback gorilla lead several smaller ones across a fallen tree fifty feet away and disappear into the bush. Then all was still.

I sat down on the ground exhausted. The experience had sapped my strength. It was the most exciting moment of my life. I had been twelve feet from death on the tusks of a maddened elephant, withstood charges of thundering rhinos, and stood in the path of raging lions, but nothing had stamped a scene on my imagination so sharply etched as that wild ape of the mountain.

As the tension was relieved I began to recall in detail the scene I had beheld. First of all I remembered that black head was tinged with grey. Next the fangs and the teeth. They were discoloured and in appearance like those of a lion. The fingers of the hands were short and stumpy in comparison to the animal's general build. The arms were of enormous girth and strength. The belly was large and puffed out, and on it his head appeared to rest. In my hurried examination the animal seemed to have no neck. His hair was woolly, like that of a teddy bear, and the most prominent feature of all was the large brow protruding over solemn eyes sunken above that polished leather face. It is strange that all these details remain so clear. I shall never take a photograph

as sharp in outline as this mind picture of the gorilla.

Osa and DeWitt also had thrilling experiences with gorillas. When we first came upon the animals Osa and DeWitt were beside me, but their attention had been distracted. Several of the aroused gorillas had run from a clump of bush directly toward them, only to turn and flee to cover. We all wanted to talk at once as we sat down to compare notes and eat lunch. All agreed that gorilla camera hunting was the most thrilling sport of all.

“I wouldn’t have missed this day for a million dollars,” said DeWitt.

“All of our big game adventures are as nothing to the thrills I’ve had today,” was Osa’s comment.



An area over which gorillas have been feeding, right after we frightened them away. They mostly eat the tender, young shoots of the bamboo, but they sometimes break open the young green stalks and eat the marrow. As the gorillas feed very slowly during the day and leave behind such a mess of broken vegetation, it is quite easy to follow them, and being so noisy they can be located when several hundred yards distant.

## CHAPTER XIV

### CATCHING THEM WITH THE CAMERA

Before daybreak on Tuesday the Batwa pygmies found gorillas near our camp, and we were up and off to an early start. Twenty-five minutes out we came upon their encampment of the previous night. Five minutes later we found them, when one of the Batwas stopped us and pointed to the branches of a tree fifty feet distant. There we saw a couple of gorillas about half grown breaking branches and nibbling on buds at the ends of them. I made a few feet of film, but the gorillas were concealed by the foliage and I got nothing of importance. Attracted by a noise at the foot of the tree I saw an ancient silverback gorilla feeding on leaves dropped by the younger pair. He was too big and heavy to climb into the branches himself.

Unfortunately the big fellow saw me as I was getting around the tree, and once more the unearthly chorus began. The youngsters in their haste to escape nearly fell from the tree top. The old silverback made a rush toward us. Osa and DeWitt stood with guns ready, knowing that fast action would be required if he came on. The underbrush was so dense that the gorilla would have been within leaping distance of us before they could get a shot at him. The old fellow really did not relish trouble, I believe. He made several starts toward us, creating a devil of a racket all the while, and then retreated, screaming as he went. When quiet was restored we took up the trail, and were pushing along with no thought of danger when, without noise or warning, four full-grown gorillas appeared coming toward us. There was not a chance of taking pictures because the vegetation was so thick. We could see the four apes, however, as they milled around in the bamboo. As we approached they screamed in rage and defiance. They formed the rearguard of the pack.

For more than an hour this unholy crew defied and threatened us. Every time I got down on my hands and knees in preparation to creep forward with an Eyemo camera the gorillas anticipated my movements and rushed at me, coming just far enough so that I could see them but not close enough for a picture. After a rush they would retire and remain hidden without a sound until I made another attempt to get near them. Each time a short, quick dash in my direction, then a rapid turn and retirement. It was like a game of hide-and-seek.

I referred to these four gorillas as being full grown, as their size indicated. They were not real old-timers, however, because they had no silver on their backs. As the days went on we learned to guess closely at the age of apes we saw. The youngsters, up to three years or so, were covered with thick wool

which concealed their features in the dim jungle light. They looked like pot-bellied bundles of black fur. On becoming older they began to take a more characteristic appearance, their physique developing along symmetrical lines. The hair began to lie smooth, and by the time they were husky brutes in the prime of life they took on a sleek, powerful aspect. The next stage of life was that of the old silverback, crusty and crabbed, difficult to get along with. Fur on their backs and heads was so grey that it sometimes looked like silver. Some of these fellows were more than six feet tall, and probably weighed around five hundred pounds. They were the ones who defied us, and provided protection for the pack.

After the four apes retreated we essayed to follow them, and the underbrush became so nearly impenetrable that we were forced to crawl most of the time, moving slowly in fear of an ambush. We could not see for ahead in this jungle twilight, which was usually with us, and was our greatest obstacle in the taking of pictures.

We were a droll procession as we crawled along. DeWitt, in the lead, carried two .45 calibre revolvers, making it necessary for him to wiggle along on his elbows. I followed with an Eyemo camera strapped to my right wrist, also using my elbows most of the time. Then came Osa with her rifle, followed by our gun boy, Bukari, toting an elephant gun. At the slightest noise we would all stop, some with leg or arm poised in the air, closely resembling a group of bird dogs.

A half-hour of this and we concluded that the gorillas had vanished, so we summoned our guides from the rear, where they usually were to be found. These guides worked on the theory that when they had pointed out to us where the gorillas could be found their duty was performed, and they would retire. They harboured a healthy fear of the hairy ape, and did not care who knew it. All the time we were on the trail the guides would disappear at the first gorilla scream, and remain under cover until the animals were gone and we were ready to proceed on our way.

The guides took up the trail again, and in about twenty minutes we reached a steep valley about sixty feet deep and seventy feet across the top. On the opposite brink stood an old silverback, gravely contemplating us. He did not scream—just stood there on his legs, holding on to scrub bushes with his hands for support. He was not even angry, just curious. I moved ahead of DeWitt and began to take some pictures. The sky was overcast, and the gorilla was among dense, green vegetation, and I knew that my chances of getting a good exposure were very slim. It was my best opportunity so far to make a full-figure picture. The old fellow posed there like an experienced model. I longed for a bit of light.

The old codger held his ground for folly three minutes, occasionally settling down on all fours and then standing upright again. He knew the valley separated us, and felt perfectly safe. Had we been hunting to kill the gorilla would have been an easy target, for he knew nothing of guns, and felt that the

only way we could hurt him was by personal hand-to-hand encounter. When he finished looking us over he took his time about going away through a thicket.

We all crossed the valley, slowly, and alert for trouble. A slight noise at the base of a gnarled tree caught our attention. We stopped dead still. This tree, resembling an apple tree, put out branches in a horizontal direction, more than five feet from the ground. The limbs were draped with vines that helped to curtain the trunk as they met brush growing from the earth.

Another noise, and we saw a long, hairy black arm reach deliberately from the undergrowth and grasp a branch of the tree. Only the arm was visible. We saw it become tense, like that of an acrobat ready to pull himself up on a bar or trapeze. I started the Eyemo, but the buzzing noise it made halted the gorilla's progress. He remained poised in his crouching position, still grasping the branch. After a minute the arm muscles flexed again. This time I waited. Very slowly his head appeared. We saw his chest next, and the branch began to sag as he put his full weight upon it. For half a minute his gaze fell steadily upon us, then slowly he dropped out of sight, the one hand still clinging to the limb. This performance continued for about twenty minutes, the gorilla rising up a dozen times. But every time I started the camera he faded out of sight. It was annoying, to say the least.

While this was going on another black arm was pushed through the foliage of the tree. This was attached to a gorilla about five feet above the ground. He lifted his head until we could see his eyes and stared at us, slowly withdrawing behind the curtain of vines at intervals. From the ground still a third arm reached for a branch, and another pair of eyes looked toward us. So there we were, playing peek-a-boo with three full-grown gorillas as curious as any black natives we have ever encountered. The apes made no sound. They looked as peaceable and curious as pets. The light, of course, was entirely inadequate, but I managed to make a couple of hundred feet of film showing mostly arms and heads. I made an effort to get closer to the tree, and in a flash the arms disappeared. I could hear their owners running into the bush. All during this comedy Osa and DeWitt sat silent and unseen. When it was over I looked round to see a pair of sly grins.

We moved along the gorilla trail, reaching a flat of tangled vegetation. Through this ran a series of tunnels into one of which the gorillas disappeared. We started to follow, De Witt in the lead as usual with his revolvers ready for action, I following with my camera. It was so dark that we could scarcely see until our eyes became accustomed to the obscurity. About twelve feet in, we heard a scream, and saw an old silverback rush forward. The gorilla did not stop until he was within eight feet of us. DeWitt, taken by surprise, fell backward against me. I was knocked back against Osa, who in turn bowled Bukari over. It was, in all, an upsetting experience, as if we had been playing tug-of-war and our opponents had let goof the rope.

DeWitt was down only for a second, and then quick as a monkey he was

back on his knees, both guns ready to shoot instantly. The gorilla retreated, however, as rapidly as it had charged, and it was unnecessary to fire. This guardian of the tunnel did not disappear. We could see him some eighty feet away, strutting backward and forward on stiff legs as though daring us to come closer.

We were in the gorilla sanctuary of the Parc National Albert of course, under special permits and agreement that we would not fire a gun unless it were necessary to protect our lives. We did not want to provoke the tough old ape into making a charge that would compel us to kill him, so we retreated to hold a council of war. It looked as though we could not proceed through the tunnel without killing the ape, so I conceived the bright idea of yelling to scare him away. I tried the scheme immediately, which produced just the opposite effect from that anticipated. The silver back, encouraged by our retreat, rushed down the tunnel, stopping at the entrance near where we were sitting. He was too far inside for a picture, and all guns were trained on him. He also held a council of war with himself, and decided to go back. He refused to retire, though, and we could see him in the tunnel, strutting up and down, like the old bully he was, and making low sounds deep in his throat, no doubt swearing at us in gorilla language.

We remained where we were for about twenty minutes, and the gorilla continued to make false rushes in our direction. Convinced that he was merely bluffing, we moved up closer to watch him. One very peculiar thing about his actions was the manner in which he used his arms and legs. He threw them about in all directions, very awkwardly.

Later, after observing the movements of other gorillas, I concluded that they are muscle-bound, and cannot use their arms and legs in a free, easy, graceful manner, which is characteristic of most wild animals. This condition does not hamper the speed of the ape, however, for he can cover a hundred feet like a streak of lightning.

Eventually the sentry got tired of his job, and went blustering away into the undergrowth, making a great deal of noise as he hurried along. He was probably drunk with rage.

We also returned to camp, and that night sat about the fire reviewing our adventures of the last two days. While we had had little success in getting pictures up to this time, we felt that the opportunity would come, that luck would favour us with good light and a pack of gorillas within range of the cameras. We were all elated over our success in finding the apes so easily. We also felt better physically. The change from the heat of the lowlands to this bracing air in the higher altitude proved invigorating.

Sitting there in our beautiful camp, listening to the spirited laughter of the black boys, and going over our hair raising experiences of the last two days, acted like a tonic to our spirits. We were on top of the world at the peak of adventure.



Kalaikoki, the Kikuyu chief who was ever helpful to us while making our sound movies. Possessed of a gruff but clear voice that registered perfectly on the sound track, he was also very intelligent and could cry, laugh, or become excited at command.



Osa and Kikuyu girl amused at the cameraman (myself). The Kikuyu tribe is one of the more intelligent African races.

## CHAPTER XV

### A FAMILY FIGHT

Screams of rage, shrieks of surprise, and barks of alarm welded into a raging jangle of discord jerked us from our beds into the cold of the following midnight. It came from a gorilla pack close to camp, and the first thought that drove sleep out of my consciousness was the possibility of a concerted, mass attack upon us by the apes.

As I listened I could hear the volume of the discord gradually subside as the animals moved into the jungle. It was evident that something unusual had happened to disturb the slumbers of our hairy neighbours. There was nothing to do but wait for daylight, and when this arrived we struck out for the vicinity from which the sounds had come. We found nests deserted by the apes in the middle of the night apparently, and near by were the footprints of two large leopards. These we followed across moist soil until they disappeared in the woods in a direction opposite to that taken by their prey. Judging from all indications, the leopards had planned to sneak up on the pack, grab a youngster, and carry it away. The gorillas were aroused to their danger, however, and the cats thought better of risking a fight with the entire pack, so took to cover.

The presence of the leopards had created a panic among the gorillas, revealing the fret that they feared these sharp toothed prowlers of the night. In spite of the emphatic contentions of our guides that a leopard cannot kill a gorilla, this episode strengthened the opinion I already held to the effect that the cats can and do snatch younger animals from the sleeping packs. It is well known that monkeys and baboons are the favourite meat of leopards, so why not gorillas?

We returned to the nests and found them similar to those examined two days previously, with one exception. One gorilla had made his bed on top of a clump of bamboo. Shoots in this clump had been drawn together at the centre of a circle, and on top of this small branches of grass and twigs were arranged. It occurred to me that the animals must have suspected the presence of leopards in the vicinity; that this particular nest was constructed as a lookout post, and that the sentry had warned his companions when the cats approached. This elevated structure was so located that its occupant could watch all of the nests made on the ground. Of course, this is all my own deduction. The nest on the bamboo may have been only an accident, with no object whatsoever in view by the gorillas.

This group of nests was much better defined than those we had seen

before. There were twin beds, double beds, and single beds. The single ones were those of the older members of the pack, no doubt. The twin arrangement indicated clearly that two animals had slept close together, their nests touching. The double beds varied in size, some revealing that two adults, probably mates, slept together, and others were built for the slumbers of a mother and baby. The size of gorillas that have slept in nests can be easily judged by the dung left behind.

We followed the trail of this pack, and within an hour heard them screaming. This time it was a gorilla fight, and a terrible battle indeed, judging from the noise. Unearthly screams, curses, growls, and barks tore their way through the curtain of undergrowth. It sounded like a free-for-all in which the entire tribe was taking part. I left our party and crawled ahead in hope of catching a picture of this primeval gang fight. Either the apes heard me approach, or it was a running mêlée, because I could not catch up with them. For five minutes or more we could hear the brawl. The general noise was augmented by booming sounds such as might be made by an intoxicated bass drum corps thumping with maudlin abandon in the dark. This lesser racket was caused, as we later discovered, by the apes beating their barrel-like chests with open hands.

As the uproar was swallowed up by the ever-increasing distance between us and the combatants we took up the trail and entered upon the late scene of battle. There were bloodstains on the ground, and bunches of gorilla hair which I picked up and put in my pockets. The reason for all this disturbance, of course, was a mystery, but it may have been that the interruption of the apes' slumbers had whetted their savage tempers to a fighting edge.

Returning to camp, we stopped several times to investigate sounds which we thought indicated gorillas. Stalking the source of one we came upon a monkey sitting in a tree and gazing on the world with the wise expression of an ancient seer. Its body was red, while its legs and tail were covered with black fur. Large eyes, shaded by protruding brows and bewhiskered checks, gave this monkey his owlish air of wisdom.

It was intriguing to run across the footprints of a large buffalo similar to those we had seen before. Native guides insisted that only one buffalo lived in the entire district. This one must have been a restless traveller, for we found his trail everywhere we went. We came upon one trail clearly made by a number of buffaloes, but this had no effect on the natives. They continued to stick to their story of the lone animal inhabiting the mountain fastness.

Our gorilla contacts were rapidly increasing, and day after day we held to their trails. Again we came upon two half-grown apes feeding in a tree, with an old one below catching the crumbs they dropped. I managed to make two hundred feet of film before they were disturbed. Then the black head of the guardian below was lifted out of the brush. There followed screams of alarm, and all of them were away.

We followed to another of the V-shaped gullies, and saw the apes on the

far side of it. The sun was hidden, and the gorillas lurked under vine-clad trees. Such conditions made photography impossible, but afforded us an excellent opportunity to study the animals. A dozen of them were within our view, and we could hear others plodding about in the bush. One enormous creature stood upright for fully a minute with his hands grasping limbs above him. It was the longest period I have ever seen a gorilla maintain an erect position. This old fellow rolled his head backward and forward and from side to side. If he were making comments about us to his friends he was highly discreet, as we could not hear them. When he slumped out of sight another took his place and stared at us while we stared back. A venerable female, with a baby clinging to her back, walked by the pair of peeping gorillas. One of the watchers reached back to strike her. She dodged with a grunt, and continued on her way.

Our next big gorilla day started with the glimpse of two apes that led us a tiresome chase through dense jungle growing on wet, slippery ground. Up hill and down we followed until we were gasping for breath. Our clothing was soaked with perspiration, which made more penetrating the chill we felt from the mountain temperature.

We lost track of our immediate quarry, but continuing on found an assemblage of the night before's nests. The trail from it led to a feeding pack. Two of these were munching their breakfast behind a clump of bushes bordering a clear sweep of ground. Hoping they would emerge into the open, I set up my camera at this point and waited fifteen minutes, only to hear them moving unhurriedly away in search of more food from my side of the bush.

Endeavouring to head them off, I picked up my Eyemo camera and circled the clump cautiously. At the far side I saw two old silverbacks. They noticed me at the same time and came after me with a screaming rush. I retreated rapidly to the place where Osa and DeWitt stood with guns ready to shoot. The gorillas unceremoniously wheeled about and returned to the thicket. With DeWitt following as protection, I walked slowly toward the clump of bushes. Again the animals charged, and it was then I learned of the unbelievable speed of which they are capable. Some believe that gorillas, on account of their usual deliberate attitude, cannot move rapidly, but they are wrong. This pair was out of cover in a streak. From the time they left the bush, charged five feet and whirled back into cover, I was able to catch only eight feet of film. For a while the animals were silent, then one beat the ground with his hands, and both of them walked away. Our guides reported more gorillas ahead, so we dropped pursuit of this pair.

Thirty minutes later we caught up with a large pack, but were seen, and the best I could do was a short film with the Eyemo as they rushed away. We were not prepared for the sudden encounter, and I had time only to 'shoot'\* at the lagging members of the group. There were thirty or more in the pack. Two of these were babies clinging to their mothers' backs. Customarily, one old silverback remained on guard to block our progress.

\*The word 'shoot' is a movie expression, meaning to make the picture.

And then the rain began to fall, or rather float around us in a dank, chilling blanket of water. Tiny raindrops, distilled in clouds we could almost touch, found every point of vantage in our clothing, seeping through neck, waist, arm, and boot bands. The lazy mist soaked every bush and shrub which slapped against us as we plodded through the dreary, dismal jungle back to camp, which we finally reached, soaked to the hide.

It was a luxurious feeling to don dry clothing and rest in the warm rays of our Coleman stoves, and we remained in our tents until just before dark when a group of natives arrived with a beef, a present from Ambrosia, for which, by the way, he later demanded cash. The animal was a healthy young bull. DeWitt appointed himself butcher, and started out with two .45 calibre Colt revolvers to hold the execution. I advised him to use a heavy rifle, but he insisted that he was well versed in the art of shooting the bull, and continued on his way. I heard three shots, and looked out in time to see the bull dash by my tent. Then came DeWitt in close pursuit, this time armed with a rifle. An hour later the mighty bull slayer returned to camp prepared for a greeting of wise cracks, but we let him down easily. We put Bukari on the trail and he found the bull still on its feet. He despatched it with a heart shot, and the boys were busy carrying beef back to camp late into the night.

It was necessary to send several of the boys, who were suffering with fever, back to the Lulenga mission. We remained steadily on the job, however, toiling each day across ravines and through jungle growth to get pictures of the elusive gorillas.

We met one aged silverback who acted like a gentleman. He was all alone, and permitted us to make several pictures of him during the day. We first saw him breaking bamboo shoots in a grassy depression from which his head and sometimes his shoulders protruded. This old fellow was tremendous, probably the largest we have ever seen. He appeared to me to be much larger than the largest specimen in the Carl Akeley group at the American Museum of Natural History. This ape was very old, and I believe that his wits were dulled by time. He was not at all alert, and did not sense our presence.

We watched him break bamboo with sharp twists of his wrists. He would put a shoot in his mouth and break off another while eating it. At one time he had no less than five or six helpings of this food in his mouth at once. This was unusual, as all of the others we had watched would eat the tender part of the shoot and throw away the rest before gathering another.

The silverback was partly camouflaged in the undergrowth, but I made some good pictures of him nevertheless. He was such an obliging subject that I used all stops, deliberately over-exposing and under-exposing film to make certain pictures. Some were bound to turn out good, I knew.

When I attempted to get closer, the old gentleman heard me and dived into a thicket. I thought we had lost him, but soon he poked his head out and

looked us over with the utmost curiosity. Hearing him walk along a path parallel with our own, I swung my turret round and trained a 12-inch lens on the point where I thought he would emerge. Obligingly, he walked out between two trees laden heavily with vines. Grasping creepers with both hands, he stood erect and facing us, posed for about thirty seconds. Then he released the vines and started to pound on his massive chest, but his legs were too crooked to support his massive weight, and gradually he slumped to the ground. I ran forward but got too close. The gorilla screamed and hastened away faster than I could follow.

For me this experience answered the question of what becomes of the old pack leaders when they no longer possess the strength to rule. When gorillas get so old that they become a burden to their pack, and are too grouchy to live amicably with their own kind, it is my opinion that they wander away and dwell alone until death finds them drooping on the mountain side.

We approached our next pack of gorillas in a heavy bamboo thicket on the side of a steep gully comparatively open on three sides. Here the idea of setting up cameras at points that would overlook two sides of the thicket occurred to me. This I did and waited half an hour while the pack continued their leisurely luncheon. Then I was surprised to hear bamboo being broken behind me across the gully. This placed me in a position between two packs of apes, and I felt confident that I would get one of them within range of the lenses. I stood there, eager and ready for action on either side. My anticipations went tumbling, however, when I heard both groups moving away from my position. Quietly I picked up a camera and walked to the opposite side of the bamboo patch, where I set up my machine, while Osa and DeWitt crouched in the grass twenty feet behind me.

After a fifteen-minute wait a young, half-grown ape came forth from a tunnel, and I immediately started to turn the crank before I could see him clearly. On reaching the opening nearest where I stood the gorilla was in plain view. When he saw me he leaped back into the bushes, starting a chorus of screams the like of which I had never yet heard. Both packs took up the horrible yelping, seemingly in a frenzied rage. Osa, DeWitt, and Bukari stood with guns ready for a mass attack from either side. This was the largest group of gorillas we ever mingled with, and I feared an open battle with them would have meant disaster. There was no attack, and the animals became quiet. We knew that they had not departed from that vicinity, because we would have heard them going.

Armed with a hand camera and accompanied by DeWitt with his two revolvers, I crept up to the mouth of a tunnel, and immediately the head-splitting yelling began. We held our ground nevertheless, and in the opening saw four full-grown apes pacing to and fro, restless as lions in a cage. Every half-minute one would rush toward us and then go back to resume his angry pacing. For ten minutes this continued, the valiant four holding the passage. We entered the tunnel and the guardians retreated a short distance. All was

still, and we proceeded a bit farther, glimpsing a 10-foot clearing ahead. Across this open space the trail continued into another tunnel through the bamboo. A noise beside us reached my ears, and I swung about, my Eyemo ready. A big fellow appeared, stood in the clearing a second, and then walked into a tunnel. By this time we heard gorillas all about us, and decided that it was unsafe to continue, so we backed out. We tried again on the opposite side of the bamboo, but the animals caught our scent and ran away.

On the return to camp we scared up another pack of gorillas, but had not expected to come upon them and were unprepared to take pictures. That morning we had sent the Batwas east and the other guides west, while we worked to the north of the camp. Both of the Batwas and the other guides reported finding gorilla packs, which made five located at various places about our camp the same day. After dinner, while gathered round the camp fire, we heard others beating their chests away to the south of us, which brought the total number of packs in our immediate vicinity up to six.

That evening we tried to estimate the probable number of gorillas in this range of mountains. We knew that there were six packs close to us, besides the lonely old-timer we had met during the day. There were at least a hundred that we could account for of our own knowledge. Natives continually came into camp telling of gorillas located miles away where we never took the trouble to seek them. Our guides said that the gorilla population was about the same on all sides of several mountains in the range. This we later verified. We called the Batwas and the other guides for questioning, and computed the numbers we thought there might be on each mountain. Far into the evening we figured, and finally concluded that there were no less than 2,000 in this area, a very conservative estimate. Probably there were many more, but we fixed our count on what we thought was a low estimate.

Carl Akeley believed that not more than a hundred gorillas lived in these mountains. Magollo, Carl's old guide, however, said that the Akeley expedition was in the saddle between Mikeno and Kirisimbi at the time of the year when most gorillas were farther down the mountain sides.

Believing that gorillas would soon become extinct if shooting of them continued, Akeley worked hard to induce the Belgian Government to reserve these mountains as a gorilla sanctuary. I now know, after finding the large numbers which we did on our last safari, and in nine different districts, that there is no possible chance of them becoming extinct, no matter how many may be shot. I do, however, believe that Akeley's sanctuary in Parc National Albert is a splendid thing. It will not only permit these apes to breed and multiply without molestation by hunters, but will provide anthropologists opportunity to study them for all time to come.

This discussion over, we piled into bed and dozed off into peaceful slumber, but our adventures for the day were not yet concluded. We were awakened by DeWitt, yelling with full lung power to hurry to him with a rifle. I rushed out of the tent carrying a five-cell Eveready flashlight and a gun. Osa

followed. We found DeWitt a hundred yards from his tent surrounded on all sides by nine lions. Even his path to the tent was cut off. He had walked from the tent with neither gun nor flashlight, and suddenly beheld gleaming eyes all around him. It was then he yelled for me.

The camp was aroused. Bukari and several other black boys ran to us, and the lions nearest camp retreated. DeWitt reached his tent, where he seized a flashlight. We walked toward the lions, but they were in no mood to depart, and squatted on the ground at our approach. We actually got within eighty feet of them before they moved. For an hour we watched these cats, and eventually managed to drive them away with stones. Before retiring again, however, we lighted a large fire, which was kept burning the remainder of the night.



"Ingagi" and "Congo" soon after we captured them in the Alumbongo Mountains. Fifteen minutes after this picture was taken, placed in a motorcar that had been built into a cage, and the ropes taken off, they were contentedly eating bananas and sweet potatoes with no signs of fear after their experiences.



The gorilla, probably a female, was asleep in the dense underbrush. Hearing the slight noise of our careful approach, she jumped on the log for a second, and the next instant was screaming off in the jungle.



Tumbu, our little Colobus monkey, adopted a baby Colobus that was brought to us by the pygmies. Every place that Tumbu went Junior was sure to go.



Osa and "Chai" with a baby giraffe, born only an hour or so before. The little fellow tried to follow us, wobbling on his weak legs, and we actually had to run to get away from him. Afterwards, from an anthill, we looked back and saw the anxious mother come up and look him over to see if he had come to any harm.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE MOUNTAIN WITHOUT A TOP

Our old friend the gentlemanly silverback was waiting to meet us when we took the trail the following morning. In almost the same spot where he posed for us before we found him carefully inspecting something in the crotch of a dead tree. For several minutes he delved into the bark and then crawled along a huge dead trunk of a fallen tree covered with moss and vines. The light was poor, but our gorilla was agreeable, and I got some good film of him before he discovered us. I had ample time to make use of the slow crank and open diaphragm.

Becoming aware of us, although apparently not realizing that we were humans, silverback stood on all fours, moving his head from side to side while evidently trying to figure us out. Then he assumed an upright position, pounded on his chest, and deliberately walked away. Although we never saw him again, I thought at the time there would be further opportunity for studying him with the camera. I picked up my big machine and followed him, but the jungle soon defeated me, and I returned.

Osa and DeWitt had continued up the trail, and as I reached my camera case something big and black jumped from beside it and plunged into the tangle. I did not get a good look at this animal. It might have been a half-grown gorilla or a giant forest hog. Unfortunately, the ground was covered with vegetation, so I could not discern a footprint, although I pursued the shadow for a hundred feet or more.

An hour's search revealed no more gorillas, and when the cold drizzle started in again we turned back. It was slippery going down, and about half-way home I slipped, falling with a thud. From my side several gorillas crashed away. They did not seem frightened, and stopped about a hundred yards off, where one of them hammered his thick chest. It was too dark to follow them with the camera.

We wanted to go up into the saddle of Mikeno and visit the grave of Carl Akeley without turning back. The guides insisted that it would be necessary to return to the Mission and follow the other side of the mountain. This meant a four-days' hike, and I was sure that we could reach the saddle from our side of the mountain. Using much persuasion and offering very heavy backsheesh if they could find a way for us without turning back, I induced the guides to seek a path from our present camp. After they had been absent five days, we walked into camp to find them waiting, all smiles, for they had discovered a trail we could follow. They reported seeing gorillas all the way up to within a

few miles of Akeley's grave. This decided us to leave on the morrow.

Our runners were sent that evening to summon our one hundred and sixty-five porters from the lowlands. Travelling most of the night, they arrived next morning while we were breaking camp in the midst of a chilling drizzle of fine rain. Without the slightest indication of fatigue, however, they picked up the loads allotted to them and we were off.

Up, up, ever upward we travelled, always on a rising trail. We slipped and slid, grew weary and out of breath. It was necessary to halt frequently for rest, while the strangely tireless porters continually forged ahead. As we tramped along, searching always for the peak, every now and again the top of a hill would meet our gaze, and there would be many sighs of relief. Surely this was the summit and the end of the journey, but always just beyond we would see another one which would dash our hopes to the ground. This went on hour after hour, until we suspected that the mountain had no top. At noon Osa and I stopped to dry our clothing before a fire, but DeWitt continued on. About two o'clock we reached a plateau, heavily wooded, where the jungle growth was not so thick.

Here we gazed upon a scene, wild and thrilling in its savage beauty. Trees, bent, twisted, and gnarled as if in pain, stretched weary arms in all directions. Spanish moss, soft as bundles of unspun silk, festooned the limbs and dotted the ground like pillows of finest velvet. From almost black to mahogany, yellow, and pale red, these cushions were in colour. Some of these bundles resembled cunningly contrived chairs balanced in the branches by a clever, though crazy artist. I could picture the glade filled with gorillas sitting about in solemn contemplation of some serious problem alien to the mind of man. Osa caught the same idea, and referred to the trees as gorilla trees. It was indeed a temptation to endeavour to make some pictures here, but as the light was inadequate and travelling time valuable, on we pushed after this feast of beauty.

Before we left the bamboo growth behind us, we heard two different packs of gorillas, but did not see them. Our trail next led through forests of wild celery, some of the stalks reaching a height of four feet. Soon we came up to the rearguard of our caravan, and passed some of the hardy porters, who were finally tiring under their heavy burdens. I received word that Bukari had developed a high fever and could scarcely walk. We waited for him to catch up with us, and then built a fire, where he warmed himself and rested. We gave him hot tea from a thermos bottle, topped with a healthy drink of whisky. Then on and up again to the highest point—11,500 feet, I believe. The whole band was completely weary, and I don't believe we could have climbed another hundred feet. The continual drizzle, of course, added materially to our discomfort.

The sight of the level or slightly dropping grade before us gave us fresh inspiration, and we proceeded until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when we arrived at the grave of Carl Akeley, which was surrounded by a high

stockade to protect it from the buffalo in the vicinity. Briefly, we paid our respects to the sleeping Carl—one of the best friends we ever had—and then sat down, exhausted, while the boys made camp.

How the boys ever got the camp together was a mystery to me. I was never so tired in all my life, and I knew that they too were worn to a frazzle. In spite of it all they kept right at work. No sooner was our tent in place than a torrent of rain began to fall. We were chilled to the marrow, and huddled about our Coleman stove like chickens in an incubator, watching Suku make the beds. Out in the bitter cold, and under the merciless downpour, the black boys continued to toil, sloshing around in the mud. At seven o'clock hot dinners were served to Osa and me, in bed. It was a delectable meal—fit for a prince! It is remarkable how a repast such as that was could be produced in such short order under such trying conditions. These safari cooks are veritable magicians.

Grateful for the food, heat, and soft bed, I relaxed my tired muscles. Before going to sleep I looked outside, to see fifty camp fires burning. Around them were huddled the naked porters, sitting in the mud without shelter of any kind, and to such conditions as this their gypsy life had inured them, so that they seemed oblivious to any discomfort. By the grace of God the rain ceased, and relieved my mind to some extent, as I felt that I should do something for them, but what? Thoughts of the black boys troubled my mind, nevertheless, as I snuggled under the blankets, warm and comfortable. And it has never ceased to be a mystery to me that not one of the porters became ill or caught cold from this exposure.

Next morning the sky was clear, but for only an hour or so. The ground was still muddy, and everything was damp. We examined Akeley's grave, and saw that it needed repairs. Some logs of the stockade were rotten and had to be replaced. The cement slab covering the grave was in perfect condition, but not a blade of grass was growing near it. Mud, cut and sliced by rivulets of rain, banked the modest tomb.

For the ensuing three days Osa kept the boys engaged cutting logs for repairs to the stockade. She filled in all the crevices round the slab with dirt, and sent the boys a long distance in search of sod to hold the earth in place. With great care and judgment she transplanted hardy plants and vines to make a natural shelter for the tomb. I am convinced that if Carl were observing these friendly efforts to beautify his resting-place, he heartily approved. He was a true nature lover, and it was our earnest desire and pleasant task to make his last couch as attractive as we possibly could.

Mr Radditz, one of Carl's companions at the time of his death, had done a splendid job in making the grave. The large cement slab covering it was in perfect form, without a single crack. The inscription by Mr Leigh was as clear and legible as the day it was placed there. It was evident that Mrs Akeley had selected the best position to be found, as the drainage was perfect.

The mud around the grave was caused by the choking up of water outlets

in the stockade. Throughout the years rain had washed leaves and twigs into the cracks between the logs, eventually making them almost watertight. This caused puddles to form around the grave. We cleared the openings so that the water would drain away for a year at least. If everyone visiting this revered spot would spend a few hours in clearing the stockade wall the grave should remain in good condition indefinitely.

While Osa and the boys were busy with this kindly act, DeWitt and I, with the assistance of all of our guides, explored the surrounding country. We discovered no trace of gorillas. The only nests we found were very old. The bamboo growth was sparse, providing little forage for the apes, which probably accounts for their scarcity. From all indications they did not remain in this location for any length of time. Possibly they stopped en route from one mountain side to the other. Then, again, they may have been attracted for a brief space by the wild celery, which grows here in abundance.

From the time of our departure from the Mission and our first camp we had seen heavy blankets of fog curl up along the mountain side and drift through the saddle. When we reached that locality we found it damp, and swept by continuous cold winds blowing through the mountain cut. From what others have written about this section of the mountains also, I judge that it is disagreeable most of the time, and I do not believe that gorillas like such raw, harsh weather any better than humans do.

However, when the sun does shine for a brief spell there is a particularly haunting beauty about the place. DeWitt and I travelled to the spot which Carl described as commanding the most beautiful view in Africa. It was here that Mr Leigh made his striking paintings that are to provide the background for gorilla groups in the American Museum of Natural History.

We remained at this point three hours while slowly freezing, or so it seemed. Fog clouds had rolled in upon us until we could scarcely discern each other. I had my cameras set up hopefully awaiting the sun, but found it necessary to cover them with rubberized cloth in order to keep out the dampness. We built a fire, determined to wait for a rift in the clouds. Intermittently the sky would reveal itself for a minute or two and then disappear. Patience is a virtue, they say, and in this instance we were bountifully rewarded for our three-hour vigil. Clouds and fog were peeled off the mountain side. The sun broke through, glorious and clear. We could see for fifty miles or more. Active volcanoes sent thin streamers of smoke into the air. Beyond were rolling mountain ranges. We could see Lake Kivu in the distance, and alongside of it a range of mountains to the west, which our guides reported were the habitat of gorillas. The scene unrolled before our enraptured gaze was a magnificent panorama-noble, majestic, and overpowering in its effect—a fitting canopy for the final resting-place of Carl Akeley, who was its discoverer for the world of white men.

Our object in visiting the saddle was the desire to see Akeley's grave. As there were no gorillas to track down and photograph there was nothing to

keep us there, so we decided to return to the Mission and proceed on new investigations. As we were not certain of the position of the gorilla districts yet to be explored, returning to the Mission was imperative in order to get our bearings and further information. The runners were, forthwith, sent down the mountain to call our porters into service once more.

That night in camp we assembled the guides and the Batwa pygmies to discuss with them the many wild tales we had heard about gorillas. There were many questions I wanted answered, and these natives knew more about gorilla life and habits than anybody living.

The wildest and most absurd tale of all relative to carrying off a native woman was uppermost in my mind, and when I inquired regarding this story it was answered by a gale of laughter. They considered it a very foolish fable, and, although their replies were vague, they were sufficiently dear to assure me that such yarns are the fabrication of unbridled imagination. In the first place, so the guides assured me, a native woman would have more sense than to enter a gorilla territory. Besides, what would a gorilla want with a woman anyway?

From these guides I learned that gorillas, in spite of their mammoth well-developed chests, are very susceptible to pulmonary diseases, and may often be heard coughing. In their opinion many of the apes die from these ailments every year.

"Well, the next time we come up," I said jokingly, "we shall bring them blankets."

To my surprise this joke did not register at all. My audience took it seriously.

"Yes, Bwana, that would be a good idea. Then the gorillas could cover themselves at night and not catch cold," one of them replied.

One little Batwa took a personal interest in this suggestion.

"Please, Bwana, let me know when you bring the blankets up," he urged, with an eye to the business of getting a share for himself.

Then DeWitt and I started to laugh. Suppose we should be such nit-wits as to carry blankets up the mountain, and the gorillas wore them as tame orang-outangs and chimpanzees do. What a shock that would provide for future explorers—to "discover" the King of Apes wrapped up in a blanket! That certainly would furnish material for an absorbing story about the long-sought "missing link."

Our mirth had just subsided when Jakobo, chief guide, began to laugh, doubling up with chortles at some joke which we had completely missed. Soon all the other natives had joined in, and laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks. DeWitt and I were still at a loss to account for all the hilarity until Jakobo pointed to the heavy, woolly gloves I was wearing. He had just noticed them for the first time, and called them gorilla hands. Never before had he seen anyone wearing gloves, nor had he ever heard of them, and he could see no reason for such odd apparel.

Magoolo next held forth, telling of Dr Chapin's trip into this section. The good doctor, Magoolo said, climbed, or tried to climb, every mountain in the range, even sturdy Magoolo, his guide, being worn out by his untiring energy. DeWitt recalled Dr Chapin's trips up the sides of the volcanoes and Ruwenzorou. Every time Chapin saw a mountain, he said, he could not eat or sleep until he had ascended it. I do not believe that Dr Chapin will ever have the pleasure of my company on safari. The only thing I like about mountain climbing is coming down, and that not any too well. I will say, though, that Dr Chapin knows Africa as well as anyone, and better than most men who have been there, although he never says much about it.

It was on Wednesday, October 20, that we struck camp in another drizzle, and prepared to descend the mountain. Before departing I had to treat and bandage cut thumbs for three of our boys, received when they were using knives while their fingers were clumsy with cold. One of the cooks had cut a thumb several days previously and had said nothing about it. Now it was infected and in a dangerous looking condition. It required a month for the wound to heal sufficiently for him to be of any use in the culinary department. A porter's thumb was sliced nearly off, right through the bone at the joint. When he reached me the tip was hanging on by a narrow strip of flesh. I was going to cut it off entirely, but decided to take a chance on saving it by bandaging the severed part tightly to the thumb and fastening it in place with splints. This bit of surgery proved successful, and the thumb was nearly as good as ever when it healed, except that the joint was stiff and the digit a little crooked.

We struck down the trail, slippery and steep, using bamboo poles to aid us in walking. A half-hour's tramp brought us to fresh gorilla spoor and broken bamboo, revealing that the animals had been feeding near by. I halted most of the safari in order to get in the lead. Osa and DeWitt were already far ahead. DeWitt had set off at a terrific pace as soon as the porters were under way, and I never saw him again until we had reached the Mission. Osa and I had a little family quarrel, and she had started out in a huff alone. She had a change of heart about halfway down the mountain however, and waited for me to catch up so that she could forgive me for something or other. Women are funny that way.

After I had rearranged the procession of our cavalcade, I instructed them to give me an advantage of about fifteen minutes start. I walked for an hour before I heard the tell-tale sounds of gorillas, but did not see them or attempt to do so, as the jungle was too dense and the drizzle too heavy for photography. Three hours later I met three natives who said they had been tending cattle not far away. Upon being questioned they reported that there were gorillas all about. They either heard or saw them every day.

I shall always remember the trip down Mount Mikeno through that alluring setting, wild and lovely. I could occasionally glimpse two smoking volcanoes ahead as I followed along deep gorges sheltering swift, tiny rivers.

It was especially beautiful after Osa had forgiven me, and we struck the swamp country all too soon. Here we saw fresh signs of elephant and buffalo.

The trip lasted five hours, and it was with extreme weariness that we again sat down with the good White Fathers to quench our thirst at the Mission. Then we retired eagerly to the rest house to get the kinks out of our legs, stiff with the long descent.



Carl Akeley's grave in the saddle of Mt. Mikeno. Osa placed a wreath of everlasting flowers at the head and then draped an Explorer's Club flag and the American flag on either side. She then planted ferns and mums around the cement slab. With the assistance of my boys I arranged a drain to carry off the surplus water, as it rains here almost every day.



Karasimbi from our camp near Carl Akeley's grave. Often in the late evening and early morning the top of this extinct volcano would be covered in snow. Between this point and Karasimbi is wonderful gorilla country at certain times of the year.



Flamingos on the shore of Lake Nakura. Every foot of the thirty miles of shoreline was crowded by these lovely birds. The masses of their pink colouring made a beautiful picture, especially at dawn and sunset.

## CHAPTER XVII

### WE GO BROKE IN AFRICA

After sending to Rutshuru for motor cars and dispatching porters ahead with supplies for five days, we settled down at the mission, taking photographs, developing, and writing. The good Fathers sometimes dined with us and we with them. We visited the White Sisters, who ministered to the sore thumbs of our boys.

We travelled rapidly to Rutshuru, and were there entertained by Mr and Mrs Marcel Dubuisson. Mr Dubuisson is the Administrateur Territorial. He and Chief Ndezc accompanied us to Chombe. The Chief had already sent his dancers, pygmies, archers, and singers ahead, so that when we arrived we found a hundred and fifty performers ready to make pictures. Dick and Lew also were there, well fed up by the long wait. They had plenty of hard work after our arrival to make up for the enforced leisure, making sound movies of the Chief and his troupe.

It was on this trip that I experienced the most embarrassing situation of my life. Before leaving Rutshuru to climb Mount Mikeno we found ourselves short of money. The motor car we had used on the Rutshuru plains had cost us nearly \$950 for thirteen days. It was a one ton truck that sells new in America for \$650. Other expenses were heavier than we had anticipated, and the result was that we were in urgent need of money. I sent a telegram to Nairobi to remedy this deficiency. It took a native runner four days to get this wire to Costermansville. We figured that it would require no more than four days at most for the money to reach Costermansville by telegraph, so that we might expect to have ample funds within twelve days at the outside. We waited three weeks for the runner to return to the Mission, only to learn that our money had not arrived. There we were, broke, and owing wages to 165 porters and 10 guides; also a considerable sum to the Chief for provisions supplied, to say nothing of expenses for the future.

The mission Fathers came to the rescue, and lent us money enough to pay all of our bills there, and we took our departure in debt only to them. In Rutshuru Mr Dubuisson advanced us sufficient cash to settle up at that point. We needed motor cars to get to Chombe, and on reaching there found Ndeze's performers expecting pay for their entertainment. Mr Dubuisson again came to our relief.

Our financial burden was still the heaviest load we carried when we made our way up the escarpment with the aid of 300 porters on Sunday, the only time these men were not working on the new road at Kabasha, which we

reached at noon without money to pay the bill. Once more we borrowed, this time from Mr Maes, manager of the road work.

At Kabasha, Lew, unfortunately, contracted fever. As we were extremely anxious to get into the Alumbongo mountains in further pursuit of our gorilla work, Osa, DeWitt and I pushed on, leaving Dick with the patient, who was under the care of the camp doctor. Before leaving, I left a list of our various debts with Dick, with instructions for him to pay them when our money arrived.

Captain Absil, supervisor of the entire road construction, had some time previously written us from Lubero to the effect that in his opinion a native village a hundred miles from Kabasha would be the most likely place in which to find gorillas. We acted upon his suggestion, left Kabasha about daylight, and arrived at the village, named Kibondo, about four in the afternoon. Roads all the way were smooth and firm, but we were forced to travel with our cars in low gear much of the time on account of the frequent ups and downs in the many hairpin bends. Kibondo natives assured us that we would find gorillas, but I was dubious. No gorillas had ever been killed or captured in these parts to my knowledge, nor had I ever heard of a gorilla expedition to this section. That the hairy apes could be reached so easily, with the outside world unaware of it, seemed improbable, but it turned out to be a fact. We found them, along with many thrilling adventures.

It was November 8 when we reached Kibondo, a village some 8,000 feet above sea level. The place was inhabited by a hundred natives, hard workers, who raised fields of corn, sweet potatoes, bananas, and yams, in addition to patches of beans and peas, on the mountain sides. The vegetation of the country here was similar to that at Mikeno. There were forests of bamboo, thick creepers, vines, and scrub trees. Mingled with the scrubs were some very large forest trees. I did not see any wild celery, however. The hills looked forbidding. They appeared steeper and more corrugated than those of Mikeno.

Early next morning Osa, DeWitt, and I, with six of our own porters to carry cameras, entered the Alumbongo hills, still quite skeptical about any satisfactory results. We found travel much easier than we had expected, as we were able to follow paths cut by natives along the hillsides, thus escaping the continual climbing we had experienced at Mikeno.

Only twenty-five minutes out of the village our ears caught the sounds of gorillas feeding on bamboo. Even then I was doubtful, thinking that the animals making that noise might be chimpanzees. Leaving the others behind, I took a gun and crept on all fours toward the cracking sounds. I had only a hundred yards to go, but it seemed a mile. There was no trail, and the only way to reach my objective was to cut straight through the bush. Using a pocket-knife to cut vines which held up progress, I continued onward, silently as possible. It required half an hour of tiresome stalking to cover the short distance, and then I beheld what I was seeking. The ape was hidden by deep

shadows, and my first view was indistinct. I wanted to make sure that my imagination was not tricking me, so I crouched in the undergrowth until the animal came closer. As that big fellow stepped out of the shadows all doubts vanished. It was a mammoth black gorilla, full grown, and in the prime of life. I was exultant.

It was difficult for me to remain still as I watched the gorilla stroll away from my position, and I was on the point of moving when another appeared and followed it. This second ape was also a husky, mature animal, although not aged. There was no silver hair along its back. The noise of more gorillas feeding came from directly ahead, so I paid no further attention to the first two animals, and made my way cautiously forward. The apes retreated, but I continued to follow them, and came out on a good trail which after a hundred yards or so forked out into a Y. My ears told me that I was surrounded by gorillas, and I sat down where I could command a view of both branches of the path to await developments.

The setting was excellent for pictures, although I had no camera. Short grass grew in front of the fork, unbroken by bush or other tangle. I knew I was missing a photographic opportunity but I remained quiet, and before long, about seventy feet up the left branch of the trail, I saw a beautiful animal, huge in size and wearing a coat of fur as sleek and trim as any dandy's. With the unperturbed demeanour of a park loafer, the big ape walked toward me, stopping now and again to pick bits of bamboo from his teeth, using his fingers for the task. Then he proceeded on all fours, finally sitting down and looking around with a bored, *blasé* expression. Never had a better opportunity presented itself to me to size up a full grown gorilla. This animal was a splendid specimen, which at first appeared to be all belly. For fully three minutes he sat there in the attitude of a deep thinker pondering some vital problem of the universe. Then with a lazy stretch and a contented sigh he resumed his stroll in my direction. Slowly, without the least suspicion of my presence, he advanced.

Powerful enough to rip a man to shreds, he was within seven feet of me before he was aware of my presence. In an instant his attitude changed. The quiet, almost gentle manner was replaced by a hostile, ferocious, fighting pose. I will not say his hair bristled, but he seemed to expand, to grow to twice his original size as he stood there in front of me with all nerves strained for battle. For a second he stared at me unwaveringly. My rifle was aimed, ready to fire, but even so I was in tight quarters. I doubt if any hunting weapon in the world would have knocked that gorilla down and stopped him before he could have covered the short distance between us. The terrific tension snapped like the crack of a whip as the big fellow whirled suddenly around and started running back on the trail. His method of running was ridiculously funny. Hastening along with an extremely awkward gait, he threw his hands and feet in all directions, but in spite of this he moved with great rapidity. I ran quickly to a small clump of bush behind the trail, from where I could see the gorilla

stop a few hundred feet away. He looked back deliberately, and with a puzzled expression then stepped into the jungle.

Hugging the ground closely, I remained where I was, still as a shadow. Again I heard the breaking of bamboo up the right fork, and I started to creep along the path. The noise then ceased. I continued to the place where an animal had been, but there were no signs of it. Again I crouched down, commanding a view of the trail for a hundred feet ahead. Presently a big gorilla hove in sight, alert and suspicious in its bearing. It must have been the one that I had encountered on the left fork, because it approached with marked caution, looking warily about I was well camouflaged and it did not see me, but the animal evidently caught my scent, as he dived unexpectedly into the bush and disappeared.

Here indeed was great news for my comrades. It augured well for some fine pictures. I started back to Osa and DeWitt, but inadvertently lost my bearings and struck out in the wrong direction. Without a moment's notice I came upon a group of four gorillas, a full-grown mother with a baby on her back and two half-grown youngsters. They were idling under a tree, and I got a good look at them before they saw me and fled, silently, despite their alarm. They were not at all like their Mikeno cousins, who screamed whenever they were disturbed.

I had quite a difficult time escaping from the undergrowth. I whistled and yelled to no avail. I waded through swamp up to my ankles and concluded that I was completely lost. I continued on my unknown way, however, stopping every hundred yards to yell and whistle. At last I heard an answer from one of the porters, and within fifteen minutes was reunited with my friends. On the way back I crossed a large sweet potato patch, one of the many gardens cultivated by natives on the Alumbongo slopes.

The name Alumbongo is not recorded by the Government for these mountains. They are in the Alumbongo district, the principal village of which bears the same title. I tried to ascertain the name of the range from the natives, but as they were unfamiliar with the Kingwana dialect they could not understand what I was trying to find out. When I pointed to the various peaks, they would tell me a name for the individual mountain but not the range. Later, at the Irumu Government station, I sought to learn the name of the range, but they had no record of this, and maps of the territory were very vague and incomplete.

Questioning natives that evening in camp brought me little information. To them gorillas were a part of the country, of everyday life, the same as horses, dogs, and cats are to the folk at home. They could not comprehend why we were more interested in them than in the trees or the birds. This district was outside of the Parc National Albert game preserve, and it surprised me that no hunters or expeditions had been there.

The natives felt a healthy fear of the gorilla, but I could find no authentic report of one of them ever having been harmed by this animal. They told tales

of the prodigious strength and savagery of the ape, but nothing of being attacked or harassed by it. Once more I inquired about the kidnapping of women by gorillas, and, like my Mikeno guides, these black people answered with a laugh. I put this query to hundreds of natives in out-of-the-way places in the gorilla country, all with the same result. To them the idea was absurd. I am now convinced that never in history has an ape kidnapped a human—man, woman, or child—despite all reports to the contrary. And I have yet to find a native who ever saw a gorilla attack a person.

I tried to gather information as to the extent and boundaries of the gorilla habitat of this range without much satisfaction. The names of places mentioned by these people meant little to me. Gorillas were everywhere in the district, they insisted, and did not move about with the seasons as there was little change in the temperature, making migration unnecessary. They did say, however, that each gorilla pack had its own particular region in which to roam, and would brook no invasion by rival packs. Should one group invade the domain of another, they said, a fight was sure to result. I do not believe this, because later I saw three packs within a mile of each other.



Adinnie's father. When he came to take Adinnie back to his home outside the forest, she preferred to remain with the pygmies. While he was trying to persuade her to return, we used him as an actor, playing the part of a villain. He finally departed without Adinnie.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### GORILLA "HOUNDS" AND A DIZZY HUNT

A veritable deluge of rain started after dark that evening and continued throughout the night, reminiscent of the dismal days on Mount Mikeno. We awoke to find Tumbu, our Colobus monkey pal, very ill. This distressed us all, because the beautiful little lady had won her way into our several affections during the safari. Every one tried to do something for her, or suggested something to do. She was unable to retain anything in her stomach, and finally crawled away under a bush, too miserable even to bear our solicitous attention, which she had always courted in the past. Teddy, the chimpanzee, and Elanor, the other Colobus, hadn't been touched with whatever was the cause of Tumbu's trouble.

After doing all we could think of to ease Tumbu's nausea we left camp, and in twelve minutes reached a pack of gorillas. Our guides were in the lead, and when they saw the animals unexpectedly, they came rushing back with the noise of an elephant stampeding. Of course the apes heard the disturbance, and quickly disappeared.

I led the way as we followed the pack, but it was half an hour before we came upon them in a dense, dark bit of mountain growth. Here I determined to try a new scheme, so I sent Bukari and the porters round on the far side of the pack to frighten them into running toward us. The idea proved to be a brilliant one, and soon we saw several gorillas dash past us under cover of the jungle growth, but none entered the clearing on which my camera was focused. This time, however, the apes set up their old familiar screaming, which I was glad (for once) to hear. I had feared that the Alumbongo gorillas were dumb.

The pack apparently scattered, and during the next hour we saw several individual gorillas, each one aware of our approach, so that we were unable to get any pictures. In another hour or so we found nests used by the animals the night before. There were ten of them, smaller, and not as well made as the beds of their Mikeno relatives.

We doubled back toward camp in a wide circle to avoid disturbing the frightened pack, and when we were close enough to the village to hear voices of the natives, we caught the sound of more gorillas at their familiar occupation of stripping bamboo. I crept toward them along an easy trail and saw three feeding in a shady spot where the light was fair. I started the Eyemo, and at the sound they immediately dashed away. This time, nevertheless, I did a few feet of good film showing the two half-grown gorillas and an almost mature one.

As an illustration of how close these animals came to our camp, I heard one of my hens that had just contributed to the supply of eggs cackle as I turned away after having taken the pictures.

I had purchased two hens several months before, and they laid eggs practically every day. Together with their usefulness they had become such pets in camp that I would not permit the cooks to kill them, so we carried two additional passengers over hundreds of miles of Congo country. Eventually they landed in Nairobi.

Osa, worried about Tumbu, had returned to camp in advance of the rest of our party, and found the patient still very sick. It rained all afternoon, and we decided to have a quiet day in camp. I tried some bicarbonate of soda on Tumbu, but it came up as everything else had.

Next day we participated in the most amazing gorilla hunt that has ever taken place. Rain kept us in during the morning, but about noon a native came into camp telling us that gorillas were near. He was accompanied by several hundred others, he said, prepared to help capture one of the apes. I had previously arranged with the chief of the village to provide some of his henchmen for this purpose, as I had a permit from the Belgian Government to make the capture. When we stepped out to inspect our contingent of gorilla-hunters we saw that the several hundred which the leader had reported had dwindled to seventy five, accompanied by a dozen half-starved dogs. These dogs, the chief explained, were trained hunters that would track down the gorillas and hold them at bay while we walked up and captured one. It sounded too good to be true—which it was.

We struck a gorilla trail twenty minutes from camp. All of the black men started to jabber at once, and the dogs howled loudly enough to announce their presence to animals a mile away. I called attention to this fact, but Chief Pawko assured me that gorillas were so accustomed to native noises that they would pay no heed to the racket. I thought otherwise, but was interested to see how this hunt would progress under the conditions.

This fellow Pawko we had met when nearly to Makanda on the day we left Kabasha on our last gorilla hunt. At the head of a large troop of natives carrying elephant meat out of the forest was Pawko, a cocky soldier carrying a gun. He said that he had just shot two elephants, and was taking the meat to the Government station at Lubera. He then exhibited two pairs of tusks, one pair weighing about 160 pounds and the other about 80 pounds.

As we discussed gorillas Pawko modestly admitted that he knew the forest better than anyone else, so took him at his word, wrote a note to the District Commissioner at Lubero and requested the loan of Pawko. Two days later he was back with the necessary permission, and we added him to our force.

So Pawko was supervising this gorilla hunt, and he went into a consultation with the natives that lasted ten minutes. Each one of them seemed to have a different idea, but finally they took up the trail. For two hours we travelled up and down, using hands and knees in the jungle tangle.

The black men continued their jabbering, and the dogs barked all the time, giving the gorillas plenty of notice to keep ahead of us. Osa wanted to shut off the noise, and I again complained to Pawko, who once more assured me that this was the native method of hunting gorillas. They would soon tire the animals, he said, and the dogs would make short work of them.

So on we trudged, hearing gorillas always ahead, some screaming, some pounding their chests. The natives finally stopped, and set the stage for the climax of the chase. They unleashed the dogs in preparation for the attack. The dogs immediately started to run—straight for the rear, with tails between their legs. Fifteen minutes were expended by the hunters trying to coax their hounds back to the leash. The dogs refused to return. They had been too near the gorillas for their peace of mind as it was. DeWitt also deserted, and returned to camp in disgust. Osa and I, however, determined to see the comedy through, so forward again for an hour or more. I was beginning to weary of the tramp.

We entered a valley planted with native taro—not the true taro of the South Seas, but a plant resembling it in leaf and root. Here the natives split up into groups, and for the first time I saw the possibility of achievement. They were going to surround the gorillas. Two-thirds of the crowd went into the jungle, while those who remained cleared a hundred-yard stretch along the mountain side with their knives, talking unceasingly.

They worked furiously for half an hour. Then we could hear the stalkers closing in. Closer and closer they came, and finally reached us. But not a gorilla appeared. Then came a native running to say that the apes had doubled back on their trail a mile to the rear. So back we hastened, and when we came within hearing distance another attempt was made to surround the pack. Again the knife men cleared a path with frenzied effort. Once more the woodsmen took to the bush, but never a gorilla! This happened twice more with identical results.

Another black man came on the run to report the gorillas fleeing over a distant hill so high that it resembled a mountain, and away we went again. Osa and I were ready to drop, but the natives were so excited that they seemed to be oblivious of the fact that we had all been tramping for several hours. And, moreover, they were manifestly certain of accomplishing what we had set out to do.

Another hour of climbing, crawling, and sliding. Once a dog barked, and the black men were so frightened that they rushed back to us in terror. Learning that it was only a dog they resumed the trail. Another dog, alone and afraid in the jungle, began howling for his master. The black men continued to jabber and jump about. They evidently took a keen interest in the hunt. Once more we neared gorillas, and again they got away. Thinking we were a long distance from our base, and realizing that the hunt had turned into a farce, we ordered Pawko to call off the expedition. We started on what we expected to be a weary trek home, and arrived there in less than half an hour with

unfeigned joy. We had been travelling in a circle all day.

DeWitt, having enjoyed a restful day in camp, rushed up to examine our captured gorilla, but I trumped his wise crack with a dirty look. And that was the finale of our native gorilla-hunting excursion.

While it rained steadily the following morning we passed the time profitably examining gorilla skulls offered for sale. I managed to pick up half a dozen interesting specimens to take back to the American Museum of Natural History. Thirty of these skulls had been offered in answer to our verbal advertisement for these wares, but most of them were old, rotten, and broken.

During the clear weather of the afternoon we took the motor car and drove along the road for a distance of ten miles. Stopping the car at random, we entered the jungle without a guide, and within ten minutes we found a pack of gorillas. Unfortunately they caught our scent and fled. We did not attempt to follow, but employed the time taking pictures of the wonderful mountain scenery at this point, a sweeping, beautiful stretch of hills, mountains, and jungle.

For the ensuing three days accompanied by guides we patrolled a forty-seven mile stretch along the road, and every time we went into the bush we found gorillas. One day we flushed three packs in a three hours' walk. As the travel was rough I judged that we did not cover more than six or seven miles at the most. Two miles an hour is about as much as a person can do in that mountainous country, and this requires real effort. We were unable to obtain any pictures during this period.

White people seemed to be more or less of a curiosity in the district, and natives from miles around visited our camp with spears, bows, arrows, horns, and other curios for sale. Among the natives were two chiefs who came from opposite directions. They pointed out their territory some twenty miles distant. Each one said that gorillas dwelt in the territory adjacent to their homes, and for miles beyond.

After doing a little figuring my deductions were that this gorilla country extended forty miles from east to west, and forty-seven miles from north to south. This would make an area of more than 1,800 square miles of ape country. Judging from what I had seen of the gorilla packs and the numbers in them, I estimated that there were at least 20,000 gorillas in the Alumbongo range.

Curiosity led to distress one morning after we had tramped out of camp for an hour without seeing a gorilla. Most of the way was over hill and down dale, and we were tired as we plodded across a valley in which grew the taro plant. Sending the native guides out to look for shy apes Oso, DeWitt, and I sat down to rest on an inviting log. Wondering about the plant, I pulled a root from the ground, peeled off the skin, and tasted the inside. Osa asked for a piece, which I gave her. We began to chew the stuff, and our mouths caught fire. We quickly spit out the root, but the burning sensation didn't leave with

it. In fact it became more painful, and spread to our throats. I never suffered anything like it. It seared our mouths like lye. Foolishly we drank water in an effort to ease the sting. This, of course, made matters worse, as it spread the irritation right down the alimentary canal to the stomach. We were in agony for half an hour, and all day the effects of the root remained with us. Upon inquiry we later learned that people had been known to die from eating this plant. A concentrated potion of the root sap is used by the natives to poison arrowheads, we were told. I will not vouch for the truth of these reports, but I am glad that we did not swallow any of the pulp, and only a very little of the juice.

## CHAPTER XIX

### WE CAPTURE GORILLAS ALIVE

By this time I had lost all faith in the native method of capturing gorillas. I doubt if they had ever caught one alive, and I was beginning to look with pessimism on our chances of taking one of the apes, when the eventful day dawned. About twenty miles from camp we stopped to address some natives.

"Have you seen any gorillas?" I inquired in a makeshift language.

"Why, yes," one answered, "we just heard them at the side of the road."

We got out of the car, listened, and sure enough heard the animals not more than a hundred feet above us. With porters carrying the cameras we began climbing up the hillside. The bamboo was not so thick as that to which we had been accustomed, and wide trails led in every direction. The thought struck me that this spot must have been the headquarters of all the gorillas on the mountain.

In five minutes we were upon the pack, but they saw us as soon as we saw them, and hied themselves away. Following, we lost track of them, but kept on going, never wandering far from the road. Catching the tell-tale sounds of another pack I called a halt, and crept warily forward alone with my Eyemo camera. I heard voices. If my cars did not deceive me here was a discovery indeed. A pack of gorillas talking in the English language, and using American idioms! I looked up in amazement, and there before me saw Dick and Lew approaching through the brush. Lew had recovered from the fever, but was still weak. They had seen our car on the road, and had stopped to investigate. Neither of them had seen a gorilla. I asked them to stay with Osa and DeWitt, and resumed my crawl up the hill. I had negotiated only about a hundred feet when the gorillas sensed my presence and began to scream. Throwing all caution to the winds, I dashed headlong in their direction. I could hear the rest of my party following. I came upon two youngsters at the foot of a tree, and kept on toward them, my hand camera ready to spin. This manoeuvre on my part astonished the apes to such a degree that they completely lost their heads, and instead of running away leaped into a tree about a foot in diameter at the base and about eighty feet high. The animals were climbing hand over hand up in the branches when the other members of the party appeared. Here was a new situation, with the apes above us this time, in a position from which they could not escape. I decided to try my own system of capturing gorillas. There were two other vine-clad trees near by, into which I feared the animals might leap, so I ordered my boys to cut down everything around the tree in which our quarry was trapped.

I set off in the direction in which the other members of the pack had scooted expecting not to find them. But one old silverback, apparently worried about the two youngsters in the tree, rushed at me as I broke my way through the brush. Like all of the gorilla charges we had faced, this too was merely a bluff. I got a good look at the silverback. Up to this time I had believed that the Alumbongo gorillas were smaller than those at Mikeno, but a glance at this specimen removed all such ideas. He was as big as any gorilla that probably ever existed.

Carrying an Eyemo camera, and accompanied by Lew and Dick armed with elephant guns, I took up the chase of the big silverback. He charged and retreated, stamping up and down in the jungle on stiff legs. Five times he came at me, screeching with frenzy, while I was busily taking pictures. Then, abandoning his attempt to protect the youngsters, the old fellow ran away, uttering invectives and lamentations.

He didn't escape us, however. We kept right on his trail until we saw him with seven others. He acted as a rearguard as the others retreated, charging at us when we neared the pack. I never saw a gorilla so enraged as this one, and was really apprehensive for our safety. The silverback shrieked his hate and defiance. He picked up bamboo sticks and broke them, screaming ferociously during the entire time, and prancing about on stiffened legs. As we cautiously proceeded, however, he gave ground, continuing toward his pack.

We reached a donga and saw the gorillas cross a small stream on a fallen log. Lew counted ten of them, but I paid no attention to that. My mind was on the big fellow. I crossed the log after him. He made one more charge and then disappeared with the rest of the pack into jungle too dense for us to travel through. It was keen fun, the brush with this silverback. I was confident that his rushes were only bluffs to cover the retreat of his fellows, and that he would not complete a charge. I made some good film of him. As I indicated before, gorilla hunting has more thrills to the square inch and is more exciting than any other sport I know of.

We returned to our gorilla tree, and found the boys working feverishly to clear the ground below. They too were filled with enthusiasm and eagerness over our plans to attempt a capture. DeWitt was back on the road enlisting natives to aid us. Shortly he returned with twenty men, and we put them to work at assisting with the clearing.

While this was in progress I took pictures of the gorillas and also studied them. I began to sympathize with the youngsters. They really looked pathetic sitting up there watching every move we made. They climbed as high as they could, clung to the branches, and stared down, wondering what would happen next.

An hour was consumed in taking pictures with various lenses and cameras before stopping for lunch. The black boys cleared a hundred foot circle round the tree, and cut out a two-hundred-foot space where we knew it would fall when we chopped it down. We now prepared for battle — a hand-to-hand

struggle between gorillas and man.

I set up a moving picture camera for Osa to use during the capture. DeWitt and I put on all the coats we could find and donned gloves. The Nairobi boys got all of the tarpaulin and blankets from the motor car. We then formed in a circle about the spot on which the top of the tree would fall. The stage all set, I gave the signal that started two axemen hewing at the tree trunk.

The tree swayed, began to crack, and fell with a roaring thump as branches were crushed against the ground. The gorillas, falling with arms clasped about each other, were stunned, and before they knew what was happening we were upon them. Bukari won the honours of the day, capturing one of the animals single-handed. The tree was still groaning from the crash when the gun-boy dived in. He grabbed a gorilla and had it wrapped helplessly in a tarpaulin before the brute knew what was up. A dozen boys were on the other animal, tangling him up in blankets and tarpaulins. The capture was accomplished so quickly that I had no chance to do anything but shout orders. DeWitt likewise was left out of the action, our black boys being too quick for him. Dick and Lew were all over the place taking pictures with the Eyemo cameras.

It was as pretty a bit of action as I have ever hoped to see, and lasted only a minute. With the gorillas helpless, a dozen boys clinging to their heads, Bukari and Orangi bound them hand and foot with ropes. We then removed the tarpaulin and blankets.

After the animals were safely bound, Osa motioned for me to follow her to a log, where we sat down.

“I wonder if you have thought of the predicament we may find ourselves in when the Belgian officials learn we have two gorillas when we have a permit to capture only one?” she asked.

I admitted that in the excitement of the chase I had not thought of this. We were talking it over trying to decide what to do when Bukari approached, a wide grin spread all over his face.

“Bwana,” he said in Swahili, “one of the gorillas is a male and the other a female. If they live, you will some time have a gorilla family with lots of little gorilla children.”

This changed the situation entirely. We felt sure that the Government would grant us a permit for the second animal captured under these conditions, as a pair had never been taken alive before, and the opportunity these two offered for scientific observation seemed of great importance.

After being tied, the gorillas made little effort to escape. They were frightened, and all of their vaunted fighting spirit was chilled. The poor brutes looked at us with pleading eyes. They were amazed and confounded by this sudden turn of events. The animals were beauties, in perfect condition, without a scratch or a scar upon them. Each weighed more than a hundred pounds. They were the largest ever captured. And our boys escaped from the battle without a scratch or a bruise. It was a splendid piece of work on the part

of all concerned. The animals were then trussed on poles and, with eight boys to the pole, carried to our motor car.

All of our cars have sides and ends enclosed with heavy, expanding metal. Back in camp we put the brutes into one of the machines, and all that was necessary for a perfect cage were a few cross logs behind the driver's seat. A dozen boys clung to each gorilla as we untied their hands and feet and tossed them into the cage. The captives made no effort to escape, and took the situation in a very philosophic manner. We gave them a pan of water, and they drank immediately. They went after some green corn and sweet potatoes we placed in the cage as though they were famished. I was astonished to see them eat and drink so soon after their frightening experience.

The remainder of the day was spent in camp looking at the gorillas, and patting ourselves on the back because of the capture. Every face expressed the same thought: "How did we ever manage to catch two of them as big and strong as these?"

We held a big celebration in camp that evening. I gave our boys, who had behaved admirably, much backsheesh, and passed out tea, sugar, and cigarettes all round. Everyone was happy, all but poor little Tumbu. Ill as she was, our monkey friend tried to join in the festivities, but did not have sufficient strength. Then she begged to be held, and could find solace only in someone's arms. Even the black boys felt sorry for Tumbu, but all they could do was pet her. I had not been able to discover what ailed her, and could not determine the proper medicine for treatment. I tried castor oil and bicarbonate of soda. I also put whisky in her milk as a stimulant, but nothing seemed to help her much.

All night long gorillas were about the camp, beating on their chests and calling to the captives. Our prisoners answered them. The conversation continued for hours. This was proof that the apes did have a sort of language, but in this there is nothing unusual. Nearly all animals have some means of oral communication with each other, even your dogs and cats at home. What was striking about this night-time gathering of the gorillas was the sense of loyalty they displayed. Instinctively they knew where to find the missing members of the family, and they were vitally concerned about the fate of the two held in the cage. During the night Osa and I walked along the road and heard gorillas in the bamboo. This was a rare occurrence, as these apes nearly always sleep in the night hours. I was up half a dozen times during the night to look at the gorillas. This restlessness was due partly to pride of possession, but I will confess that I had visions of a mass attack upon us by the remaining animals in search of revenge. Each time I visited the cage I found DeWitt there. He was just as proud over the capture and as much concerned about the welfare of the new acquisition as I was.

We could have made a capture much sooner than we did had we followed the usual method practiced. The approved system of catching dangerous beasts is to shoot the mothers and grab their babies. We caught these gorillas,

however, without causing injury to man or beast.

It was with reluctance that we left camp the next morning to continue our picture hunt. Before leaving I enjoyed myself feeding the gorillas with bananas, young corn, and sweet potatoes, which they ate with relish. We were lucky to be in a district where we could obtain proper food for them. The animals were contented, and let me scratch their backs through the wire-netting.

I fear our thoughts were not strictly on the business in hand when we left camp soon afterwards. We heard and saw many gorillas, but obtained no pictures of them. At noon we happily returned to camp, and passed the balance of the day in admiring the new members of our party, apparently very contented in their roomy cage.

## CHAPTER XX

### ANOTHER CAPTURE — ALMOST

We decided to leave Kibondo and establish a camp eighteen miles distant along the road at a point where we caught the gorillas. Before departing we made sound pictures of the natives and their dancing. They entered in the movie work with spirit and abandon, and we made some excellent film.

Osa drove the gorilla car heading the procession as we left at noon. She stopped ten miles out to examine some fresh elephant tracks, and on seeing her stop I drove up alongside. The gorillas were uttering all sorts of strange, crooning sounds deep in their throats, and I heard them answered in the same tone from a deep valley a hundred yards away. I entered the valley with a camera and saw a dozen or more gorillas. As they scurried into the bushes I made a few feet of film. I also heard elephants breaking through the trees, but did not try to approach them. The undergrowth was thick, and besides I did not want to take any chances with our two captives.

While pitching camp near the village of Makanda we heard gorillas across the road. The two apes in the cage again carried on a conversation in that crooning manner with their wild friends. This conference went on the rest of the day and into the night. Our animals beat their chests at intervals during the darkness, and were answered similarly from the wilderness.

I have wondered often why gorillas pound upon their chests, and can only account for it as an outlet for surplus energy or as a manifestation of nervousness. I saw an old silverback at Mikeno beat upon his chest as he watched us curiously. He was neither aggressive nor frightened. Again, I have heard them thumping themselves deep in the jungle when they were not conscious of the presence of human beings.

Sometimes while feeding one of a pack will stand up and play a tattoo upon himself. Again, when screaming and fleeing in fear, gorillas will stop their flight for this chest beating performance. The silverback who sought to prevent our capture of the youngsters did the same thing while trembling with rage. There seems to be no especial occasion for this indication of temper or temperament.

Our new camp was very nearly completed when Captain Absil arrived. He was a wiry Belgian, strong as an ox, who had been in this country many years and knew the mountain ranges better than any other white man. Natives of the district were hostile and warlike when Captain Absil first entered the country leading black soldiers. It is due to him more than to any other person that the district is comparatively safe for white men. He said, however, that he would

not guarantee the safety of foreigners farther back in the mountains.

Upon relating our experiences, and showing him the captured gorillas, Capt. Absil expressed pleasure over our success. We then discussed the extent of the gorilla country, and I gave him my estimate of 20,000 of these apes in the mountain range. He thought my figure too low, and believed that the animals roamed over an area much greater in extent than that which I had estimated.

The captain showed me a photograph of a big silverback shot by Belgian soldiers in a range of mountains of the Walilale district, far to the west and slightly to the south of the Alumbongo range, but not connected with it. A friend, who had sent the picture, reported many of the animals in that vicinity. Another Belgian officer had sent Capt. Absil photographs and an account of these animals in the Pinga area, almost directly south of the Alumbongo range.

I produced a big map of the Congo, and together we panned on it locations of gorilla country in nine different districts, some of them hundreds of miles apart. And this did not include gorillas living in the lowlands over on the west coast. This made ten known districts inhabited by this animal, and Capt. Absil expressed the opinion that other gorilla haunts would be found. He felt sure that there were tens of thousands of the hairy apes in the Belgian Congo. They are also to be found in the French Congo.

I am now convinced that the gorilla population of the Belgian Congo is many, many times larger than ever before supposed. I am equally certain that these animals are in no danger of extermination. I know that Mikeno gorillas are not hunted by natives now that the Parc National Albert has been established. Whether they were hunted before I have no means of knowing. We certainly saw no evidence of gorillas being slain by the inhabitants of the Alumbongo mountains. The skulls these people brought to me, I am sure, were those of animals that had died from natural causes. I never saw these people use gorilla fur for any purpose, as I certainly should have, had they been in the habit of hunting them. Furthermore, if they always employ the method they demonstrated so effectively when we trailed the gorilla hounds, the hairy ape has no need to worry.

Although tempted to remain in camp with our two prizes, we set out in the morning to investigate the apes with which they had been talking through the night. We crossed the road, climbed a breath-taking hill, ploughed through a valley, and up another hill. Osa, DeWitt, Lew, and Dick were with me. As we neared the pack we were confronted by the meanest silverback we had so far encountered. He held us at bay for fifteen minutes with repeated charges that brought him to within twenty feet of us. We kept our guns ready, and this old grouch (if he had only known it!) was closer to death than any other of his kind we had come in contact with.

The old bully finally retired, and we followed another pack down a steep hill. They successfully eluded us, but we found a place in which it was very

evident that great numbers of them had stopped during the years. Bamboo was thick with quantities of young shoots. Old trails, clearly defined like those of the elephant, led away from the site. Bamboo, broken and splintered by gorillas, covered many acres of ground.

Back in camp that night I went over our book records with Dick. He had received the money from Costermansville the day after our departure from Kabasha, and had sent runners to pay the debts I had left behind. Although still embarrassed by this financial episode, it was a great satisfaction to know that the good people from Kabasha to Mikeno had trusted me, and I felt honoured by this good faith. It was only another manifestation of the wonderful hospitality of these Belgian people.

During the next three days nothing unusual occurred, although we did find gorillas as thick as baboons in Kenya, and then things began to get more interesting. Osa and Pawko went down the road one day in search of elephants, and I went out with some of the boys. Three miles from camp I struck into jungle land on the left, and ran into an immense growth of bamboo —there must have been 10 or 12 acres, with no other vegetation to amount to anything.

Travel along the many gorilla trails leading to it was easy. The large number of these paths proved that this was a very popular meeting place with the apes. I found a dozen nests built on top of the bamboo growth. Each nest was made by breaking the bamboo toward a common centre, forming a hollow into which sticks and leaves were piled. These beds were firm enough, but I imagine they swayed when the wind blew. I had the boys break down two and found them filled with dung. There were no nests on the ground for some strange reason.

Going through the bamboo I came to a flat between two large hills, thickly set with mammoth trees, a regular forest of them. Of course the jungle tangle of undergrowth and vines was underneath. The trees were much larger than most we had seen, and stood out from the surrounding vegetation. Sitting down to rest, I glanced up and was amazed to see in the branches, thirty feet above ground, fifty or sixty gorilla nests, some very ancient and others only a few days old. They were constructed of sticks, vines, and twigs. I examined the ground round about but could find no trace of any nests there. It was an easy matter for the gorillas to get into these trees, as the branches started at the ground, and apparently all the visitors preferred to roost aloft.

The nests reminded me of those made by orang-outangs in Borneo, and again I thought possibly chimpanzees and not gorillas had built them. The guides, however, upon being consulted later, were positive that there were no chimpanzees in these mountains. In reality there was little doubt that these nests were the work of gorillas, as other traces of them were all about. They were of different construction, however, than any other such beds I had seen.

Pushing ahead for two hours—the longest trip, by the way, that I had made in this vicinity without seeing gorillas — we came to a group of nests of

the night before on the ground. Trail of the animals led through such extremely dense growth that I did not care to follow, so we called a halt for lunch and rest. Resuming our prowling about two o'clock, we ran into a wet, sticky swamp at the bottom of a valley. It was so much easier to wade than to crawl through jungle that we stayed in the swamp for a mile, and then crossed a fresh gorilla trail. Members of the gorilla pack had walked through the swamp and certainly got their feet wet, because the water was several inches deep.

We left the swamp for a trail along which freshly chewed ends of bamboo were scattered, a sure sign that gorillas were near by. I ordered the boys to follow at a distance of fifty feet as I pushed on with my Eyemo ready for action. Suddenly I found myself in the midst of a large group of gorillas. Old silverbacks, half-grown animals, youngsters, mothers and babies, scattered in every direction. The group numbered at least thirty. Seeing an open space a short distance ahead through which the sun was shining, I ran to it, and there surprised a mother with a baby on her back.

Taken unaware by my unexpected arrival, the mother jumped into a tree, climbing upward on the thick vines which draped from the branches. She went as high as she dared, and then gazed at me with a foolish expression on her black face. This mother was a beauty. I will swear she was nearly 400-lbs. in weight. The baby, a wad of black fur, clung to her for dear life. The fur on the little one was so thick I scarcely could distinguish its features.

Now here was a situation similar to that we had faced in connection with the capture of the pair. I had a permit to take only one gorilla out of the country, but already we had two of them caged. In the capture of this mother and baby I saw an opportunity to bring together almost an entire family of these interesting apes. This would give students of science an unparalleled chance for observation of the largest specimens of the ape family.

I determined to make the capture if possible, and then to make a fast trip to Irumu. There, I felt confident, I could win scientific support and obtain permission from Government officials to retain all the gorillas. Should I fail in this, it was my intention to return and free the mother and baby after photographing them from all angles.

With my knowledge of the large gorilla population of the Congo, I knew that the removal of four of these animals would not have the slightest effect on the propagation of the species.

The boys were immediately set to work, therefore, in clearing out the scrub growth under the tree, and a message was sent to camp to assemble as many natives as possible. I also sent instructions for the Nairobi boys to bring all the blankets they had along with the tarpaulins. A request for axes and pangas (the knives used by all African blacks) was also made.

It was getting cold, so we built a fire and worked steadily for two hours. The local natives arrived and joined in the work of clearing. In the meanwhile the old lady had found a comfortable crotch in which she sat and watched us

toil. She didn't appear to be very much alarmed.

I believed we could catch these two by the same plan utilized previously. I knew that the big female could put up a real fight, but I figured that the crash of the tree would stun her, and we could get her before she got untangled from the vines and limbs. By using a large tarpaulin, I thought, we could cover her and overpower her by sheer force of numbers.

The ground was nearly cleared as dusk fell. Knowing that nothing could be done before daylight, I offered every boy a good piece of backsheesh for the work, and promised even heavier reward for those who stayed on guard under the tree during the night, in addition to huge backsheesh to those who took part in the actual capture. The boys were instructed to sleep in shifts, and to keep a large fire going. Feeling that all preparations had been attended to and that we had the mother and baby safely trapped in the tree, I returned to camp.

Crossing the swamp I met Osa, who was nearly exhausted from a heavy day's work on her own account, and the hasty trip she had made from the road on being told by the natives that I had caught two more gorillas. She was keenly disappointed when she was informed that we could not get them before morning. It was well that we couldn't finish up the business, as Osa had already had plenty of excitement for one day. Over hill and mountain she had travelled, seeing a herd of about two hundred elephants, which she was unable to reach. She had had a narrow escape from death also when she bumped into a big bull buffalo in the tall grass.

We had very nearly reached camp when we met DeWitt, Dick, Lew, and the black boys, loaded with tarpaulins, blankets, lanterns, and food. We turned them all back with instructions to be awake at 2 a.m., prepared for a brisk conflict with a four-hundred pound opponent.

The anti-climax took place when I was awakened by Orangi and the boys returning to camp with news that the gorillas had escaped. The mother had tired of her cramped position in the tree, and was moving to another position when vines she was hanging to broke. She fell right into the midst of the sleeping boys.

"She just walked away. There was nothing we could do to stop her," Orangi explained.

So that was that! I was sorely disappointed, but did not blame the boys for failing to challenge a four-hundred pound gorilla.

## CHAPTER XXI

### GORILLAS IN THE GARDEN

After dodging rain in camp all the morning, I started out in the afternoon with a couple of guides. Following an hour's stroll, during which we frightened a pack of gorillas, I sat down to rest. I had been sitting there for about ten minutes, I should judge, when I looked up to see a line of twenty savages, dressed in animal skins, and armed with spears, file out of a swamp some two hundred yards to one side. They formed a picturesque group, and I was very much interested. As all of the black men whom we had met thus far were friendly I assumed that these were also. I walked toward them with a camera to take some pictures. Seeing me these wild men turned and fled into the jungle as precipitately as any gorillas. One of the guides explained that they were wild people from the mountains, and were mortally afraid of white men. This recalled to mind the remark made by Captain Absil—that he would not vouch for the safety of anyone who entered far into the hills in this vicinity.

We then started toward a large field planted with corn and sweet potatoes. I was in front of the boys as I walked along. Presently I saw three women and several totos working, and at the same moment stopped to fasten a shoelace. As I straightened up an old silverback, not ten feet distant, leaped into the air and ran toward the jungle. He did not scream, but grunted loudly as he made away. His retreat sounded like that of an elephant as he crushed down bamboo and undergrowth.

I looked about and saw a nest in which the gorilla had been sleeping. This nest was fairly well built, and was still warm from the heat of the animal's body. Here was the first evidence I had had of gorillas nesting in the daytime. Around the bed were about thirty fresh corncobs and green shucks torn from them. The gorilla had eaten every vestige of the corn and even part of the cobs.

Curious to know where this corn had come from, I followed the silverback's old trail from the nest. It led to the garden that was enclosed by a large stockade of logs set so close together that they touched each other. This, the guides informed me, was to prevent elephants and buffaloes entering. I could see that the gorilla had climbed this fence, so I too scrambled over it into the garden. There I saw where the ears of corn had been plucked from the stalks by the big marauder, but there was no evidence that he had eaten any of it in the garden.

This furnished one of my most puzzling gorilla experiences, and I am still

speculating on how he managed to carry the corn over the fence and fifty feet farther on where he had piled up the ears before eating them. If he carried the corn over the wall he must have made several trips, for if he had tried to carry the thirty ears at once some of them would have slipped from his arm. I am reluctant to believe it, but I suspect that the gorilla tossed that corn over the stockade. However he managed it, it is undeniably true that he had sufficient reasoning ability to get himself outside of that stockade, which might have proved a trap, before sitting down to his meal.

I returned to the nest to see if I could glean something more out of this mute evidence. Then I climbed on to the garden wall again. Before jumping, as I did on my previous trip across, I scrutinized the ground and suspected something unnatural, so I climbed carefully down. Lucky for me that I did. I alighted just at the edge of a pit about ten feet deep by three feet wide. It was covered with twigs and moss to camouflage the top. I removed this covering and saw a dozen pieces of sharpened hard wood, about three feet in length, set upright on the bottom. Any animal falling into that trap would have been impaled on the sharp uprights. It was fortunate for me that I missed the pit on my first visit over the fence, and even more so that I had suspected something unusual on my second.

I cautioned the boys about the hole, although they could see it now that it was uncovered, and went toward where the natives were working. I turned on hearing a yell, to see all of the boys rushing toward the pit. Old Humpseni had fallen in. Humpseni was a porter I first hired on going to Africa eleven years ago. He was now so aged that he was of little use, but I kept him because he was a good-hearted old soul and had been so loyal in the past.

As I ran back I fully expected to see Humpseni in a horrible mess. He, however, had not fallen directly into the hole, but slipped over the edge and skidded down, avoiding a direct fall by digging his fingers into the earth along the sides. In this manner he pushed the spikes over instead of falling on them. We fished him out unhurt, and the boys enjoyed a hearty laugh at his awkwardness.

Among the workers in the field was a woman at least eighty years old, so feeble that she could scarcely move let alone be of much assistance at this toil. She was a remarkable type of native, and I had the boys set up my cameras in order to get a picture of her. The poor soul had never seen a camera before, and looked with frightened eyes at what she may have thought a devil machine. Her impulse was to run, but she was too feeble. When I put a black cloth over my head to focus the lens, she started to cry, and shook with fright. I quickly snapped one picture, and stepped back. I picked up the cloth and made her a present of it, knowing that all natives are eager to get any material of this kind they can lay hands on. I could not speak the old woman's language to tell her how sorry I was, but I tried to express an apology for an impertinence which I hope she understood.

That night turned into one of pain and misery for me. Whether it was

something I ate or something I brushed against in the forest, I could not tell. But I was affected by something similar to and more severe than poison ivy. My tongue was swollen to twice its normal size, and my body was covered with blisters. I could scarcely close my fingers, they were so large. My ears and nose were swollen and inflamed. My whole body was in agony with the maddening itch, and try as I would I could not refrain from scratching now and then.

The black boys said there were no poison vines or trees in the woods near this place, but I did not believe them. I passed another night of pain, and the following morning word was brought to camp that a big herd of elephants was in a clearing ten miles down the road. During all of our Borneo and African experiences Osa had shot only three elephants, none of them large. She was eager to bag a big one with real ivory. The swelling from the poison was beginning to subside, and I felt that a hunt would take the worry off my mind, so I decided to go with Osa on the shooting expedition.

The guides showed us where they had seen the elephants, but by the time we arrived the animals were over a hill and out of sight. It was about noon—time for elephants to be asleep, as they usually eat all night and drowse through most of the day. After a mile walk we saw sixty in a herd asleep under small trees on the side of a gradually sloping hill. There was not enough shade to shelter a man, let alone an elephant, but these huge beasts are optimists. Patches of shade no larger than a person's hand seemed to suit them at times.

Pawko, who supervised our famous hunt with the gorilla hounds some time before, had only a spear, and he asked for a gun, saying the elephants might become dangerous. Suffering from a temporary mental aberration, I allowed him to take one of our spare weapons.

Grass at this point was four feet high, so Osa and I climbed into a tree to get a better view of the herd. We picked out a huge fellow with tusks that would weigh more than a hundred pounds each. He was in a position that would permit us to get within shooting distance without disturbing the others. We left the tree and started cautiously forward, making our way around some sleepy cows.

As we stood under a gnarled old scrub tree to get our bearings, Pawko climbed into the branches. He pointed the gun he carried toward the elephants. We thought he was merely showing us the location of the big bull, but instead he was taking aim, and suddenly, bang! He fired at an old cow. This unexpected denouement startled us, but I had presence of mind enough to rush forward with Osa, thinking she might get a shot at the bull before he had a chance to gather speed. We were too late, though, and the entire herd went lumbering away. The big fellow ran down a steep valley, up the other side and into a forest, taking the others with him. We knew it would be useless to follow.

Osa was heartbroken at having missed her chance on account of that fool

Pawko. It is a good thing for that boy that I followed the herd and worked off my temper. I felt like wringing his neck. I shamed him before the others, and started him walking back to Lubero, a hike that would require several days, and I gave him no backsheesh. Pawko had no excuse to offer. I believe he wanted to show off before the other boys, and lost his head for a minute.

Returning to camp, we found little Tumbu more indisposed than ever. We were satisfied that we had got as much gorilla material, pictorial and otherwise, as we could get, and were anxious to reach a vet. who could do something for Tumbu, so we determined to begin our long trip to East Africa the next morning.

We were up and off before daylight, and about twenty miles down the road met a group of natives carrying a sick, half-starved baby gorilla. The poor little thing was limp in a black man's arms. We stopped to see the baby, and the black urged us to buy it. Osa wanted it, of course, but I demurred.

"We already have two gorillas," I reminded her, "and, besides, this little fellow is almost dead anyway."

"I know, but he looks so sick. Some one ought to help him," she replied.

The black man laid the gorilla on the ground to continue his sales talk. The baby was thin and frail looking. A bad cut on its head was beginning to fester. Osa stooped over to look at it. At that psychological moment the helpless little thing opened its eyes, full of pleading, and stretched out its arms toward her. There were tears in Osa's eyes as she bent nearer, and the tiny fellow put its arms around her neck.

"You buy this poor little baby," she ordered. "I'm not going to leave it here to die among these natives. I want to give it a chance to live."

"All right," I said. "We will straighten things out with the Belgian Government when we tell them about this sick animal."

At first the blacks demanded an outrageous price, but we settled for a sum equal to sixty dollars, a fortune to these men. I could have obtained it cheaper. The natives were very anxious to dispose of the animal before it died, but we did not have any time to argue any more about it.

Osa put the sorry little bundle of black fur in the seat with her, and we drove on. She stopped at several villages to buy bananas, sweet potatoes, and green stuff for the latest addition to our party. At lunch time the little fellow drank all the tinned milk we gave it, munched on bread, and ate a banana. It was obviously in need of food. We camped that night, and the little gorilla cried. In the morning it seemed a bit livelier, and even Tumbu was better, which brightened our spirits considerably.

Next night we reached Irumu, and were welcomed by our friends at the Government station, who were delighted with our good luck on the safari. They gave us a new brick house to live in, and the general attitude of friendliness and hospitality made it seem almost like a homecoming. Tumbu was still very ill, and the little gorilla was so weak that it could scarcely stand. It was just skin and bones, and was suffering from the cut on its head,

received no doubt when it was caught by the natives. We gave both patients every aid that was in our power.

Upon our arrival in Irumu, we immediately set about getting authority to take the other two back with us to America. Our first call was made on the Administrates Territorial, to whom we explained the situation. He said that the two large gorillas should really be lodged with him, but since he knew nothing about the care of animals he suggested that we occupy the Government house next door to his, and remain there until the matter had been taken up with the proper officials.

Cablegrams were immediately sent to the Colonial Department in Brussels, to the American Ambassador in Brussels, to the Governor-General at Leopoldville, and to the District Governor in Stanleyville. They were long cables, costing approximately \$250. No reference was made to the baby gorilla, as I had been advised that a Government permit was unnecessary when buying animals. There was scant hope that the young one would survive, and one of the prominent Government officials suggested that mentioning the baby would only complicate matters. However, after four days, the small gorilla gained in strength to such an extent that we could see a reasonable chance of saving it. We then concluded that, in spite of the fact that it was a purchased animal, the officials should be informed regarding it, so again I sent out a batch of cablegrams apprising them of the fact. Three days thereafter, and seven days after the first cables had been sent out, we received a message saying, "Governor-General authorizes you to keep the gorillas."

We informed the Administrates Territorial of the contents of the cable, and he informed us that he had received a similar communication. He therefore instructed the Customs officials at Kasenyi to issue the necessary permits, charge us the proper duty, and allow us to depart.

I telegraphed the shipping company at Butiaba on the Uganda side of Lake Albert, requesting them to send a special steamer for us as quickly as possible, and in a few hours received an answer notifying us that their ship, *Samuel Baker*, would be in Kasenyi at daybreak, and asking us to be ready at that time as they had use for the ship on the following day. It was then late in the evening. We hastily packed our seven motor cars, and retired to snatch a few hours' sleep. At two o'clock in the morning we were up, and by three o'clock on our way to Kasenyi, where we arrived at daylight, and were soon steaming towards Butiaba.

Our good friend the Baroness van Zuylen accompanied us for a visit. We enjoyed a smooth crossing, and then started for Nairobi, the starting-point of all our journeys.

Our sojourn in Nairobi was marked with one very pleasant experience. It seemed appropriate after so many years of waiting to have the long-deferred opportunity of meeting Delia Akeley, one of the foremost women explorers in the world. We had just returned from the safari which had carried us to Carl

Akeley's grave, high up on Mount Mikeno, and here she was in Nairobi. During all these years of exploration for both of us, and a great part of it in Africa, our paths had never crossed, although strangely enough we had known Carl Akeley for a decade or more.

She and "Ake," as his old friends affectionately called him, were among the first to be sent out on expeditions to Africa for the museums of natural history. They travelled together for many, many years, and were thoroughly familiar with the old stamping-ground for big game in what are even now almost unknown parts of Africa.

Mrs Akeley had nursed Carl through many attacks of spirillum and blackwater fevers. She was his constant companion and nurse during his illness as the result of being attacked by an irate elephant and very nearly killed. Carl, at various times, had related many stories of their combined experiences. These had naturally aroused in us a keen desire to meet this wonderful woman who had shared his trials and adventures for so many years at a time when African exploration was so much more difficult than it now is.

It all came about by meeting Allan Black on the street one day soon after our return to Nairobi. One of the old, old-time white hunters, and the last of the old guard, crusty, abrupt, he greeted me with:

"Do you know Delia Akeley's in town?"

"No. You don't mean it!" I replied, with a voice full of surprise. "Gosh," I said, "I've been trying to meet that woman for years."

"Well, I'm going to have lunch with her to-day."

"Where?"

"At the Avenue Hotel. You're not invited."

"Well, how about issuing an invitation?" I retorted, not in the least affected by his bluntness, knowing well the kind heart underneath.

Still with an unperturbed countenance he continued.

"You're not wanted—either one of you; but I think I'll let you come if you bring Osa." Black, being a friend of long standing, was trying to get a rise out of me.

And that's the way it happened. At the appointed time we met Black, and sat waiting a few minutes before we saw an attractive, slim, grey-haired woman coming down the stairs with a light, quick step.

"There she is!" said Allan.

And I marvelled at her still youthful, handsome appearance after her years of hardship and travel in the wild places of the earth. We knew of a long, arduous journey she had made, entirely alone except for black boys, just a few years before, up the Tana river, along the Kaisoot desert to Mount Kenya and down to Nairobi, a most difficult trip for even a man to undertake. We knew of her explorations among the pygmies of the Belgian Congo, and there she was at last, coming toward us with an easy grace and dignity, and a charming smile of greeting. She knew us by reputation, as we knew her, and that very pleasant acquaintanceship begun in Africa has developed into a firm

friendship.

## CHAPTER XXII

### A ZOO ALL OUR OWN

Glowing with success and with the very satisfactory sense of having achieved that for which we had set out, forgetting the many hardships of our various safaris, and carrying with us happy and pleasant memories of the splendid people with whom we had come in contact, we bade farewell to the Belgian Congo. We had dispelled the erroneous impression which exists in some quarters regarding the difficulty of obtaining permission to enter Belgian territory. The only requirements necessary were passports, letters of good conduct stating that we were not criminals or persons of bad character, and medical certificates to the effect that we were free from contagious diseases. Upon presentation of these three certificates, anyone may enter the Belgian Congo and receive every assistance and courtesy so long as he plays the game squarely.

By the time this book is published the Belgians will have completed the road into the Mount Mikeno district near Lake Kivu. It will then be possible to start on the Lower Nile at Cairo or Khartoum, go by comfortable boat to Juba on the Upper Nile, and then motor through the Congo on the best of roads.

The traveller will be able to see farms where African elephants are trained and worked, pygmies of the Ituri forest, gorillas in their native habitat, large herds of game on the plains of Rutshuru, and (most likely) lions. It will be possible also to visit Mount Mikeno and see gorillas as Carl Akeley saw them, continue to Lake Kivu, cross on a small steamer to Costermansville, and then motor a short distance to a railway, followed by a pleasant trip down to Cape Town, a journey crammed full of thrills and interest.

Prior to leaving Irumu, DeWitt bought an almost hairless chimpanzee, which we christened "Bee Bee," and which was now added to our collection of animals. Bee Bee was so infantile that she had to be fed from a bottle.

Arriving at Nairobi, I had a cage constructed, seventy feet long, thirty feet high, and thirty feet wide, in which to house our two gorillas, which had been named 'Congo' and 'Ingagi.' Ingagi is the word meaning gorilla and used by the natives of the Mikeno district. In the Alumbongo mountains the people call this ape 'Ngi,' while in Kingwana the name is 'Kingwettie.'

Our baby gorilla, as it grew healthy and strong, just naturally came by the name 'Okaro,' a word meaning Kavarando, the name of a tribe of natives, very black and noisy. The youngster was as black as he could be, flesh as well as hair, and developed the habit of crying or yelling when no one was about to

hold him. With so much attention lavished upon him as a sick infant, he had become quite spoiled and wanted to be held constantly. The natives therefore fell into the habit of calling him 'Okaro,' a name which stuck, and which Osa insists means snowball.

We arranged with neighbouring Kikukus to supply us with green corn, sweet potatoes, and bananas for the gorillas, and as a beverage three quarts of milk each were given them every day. Two loaves of bread each, as well as Saltine crackers, were included in their menu.

Every precaution was taken to protect the animals from sickness. A native was employed whose sole duty it was to attend to them. He cleaned their cage three times a day and at noon sprinkled the hose on them to keep them cool. It was also part of this man's work to mix a large bucketful of disinfectant each day and sprinkle it on the ground in the cage to kill jiggers, the curse of the country.

These insects bore in under toe and fingernails, where they deposit eggs, causing an infection. We permitted Okaro, and the other animals as well, to run loose all over the place, but if jiggers got attached to them we were able to remove them with a needle. Congo and Ingagi were too wild to handle, however, and if they became bothered with the insects we knew we would be at our wits' ends to devise some way of relieving them. Neighbours of ours owned a full-grown lion that became the victim of jiggers. Pus formed at each of its claws, and caused so much pain that the poor beast could not walk. Nothing could be done for him, and it was necessary to shoot him.

Tumbu was still ailing. Her condition was extremely mysterious. Some days she would be much improved, and then she would be very ill. The veterinary who attended her was completely baffled by her ailment.

"Martin," Osa said to me one morning, "I am terribly worried about little Tumbu. She is feeling very badly again to-day. Let's get a regular doctor and see what he says."

Acting upon this suggestion I called in Dr Gregory, our own physician, and a trained nurse. The nurse took a great interest in the case, even though Tumbu was only a monkey, and tried everything within her power to save it. But nothing seemed to avail, and our beautiful little Colobus friend died. We all felt as if we had lost a member of our family.

Our two big gorillas gave every evidence of being perfectly happy in their new environment, spending much of their time in the tree around which their cage was built. A great deal of our time was occupied in trying to train them, and eventually Osa was able to handle Congo, the smaller one, fairly well. Ingagi, however, refused to be friendly, and one day he struck Osa a severe blow on the ear which subsequently caused her much trouble.

We tried separating the pair, but could not keep them apart. They cried, yelled, and screamed for each other as though fearing to be alone. So we placed Congo back in the big cage and never parted them again. I believe they would have died of grief if they had been permanently separated. This led me

to think that they were brother and sister, and I am glad that we were not forced to leave one behind in the Congo. I am convinced that one, or possibly both of them, would not have survived separation once they had been taken from their native haunts.

Ingagi and Congo were like two happy children together in their cage. They played all day long, skinning the cat like a couple of urchins, holding sham fights, rolling about on the ground, and beating on their chests. One would get the other down on its back and tickle its ribs by biting it, and the victim would laugh loudly and long, sometimes nearly going into hysterics.

We were highly gratified at the recovery of Okaro, who developed into an active, affectionate little beggar. He became accustomed to calling on me every afternoon about five, and would sit on my lap as I wrote. Now and then he took a swipe at the typewriter keys himself, which did not help my literary labours any. At dinner Okaro insisted on having a chair drawn up to the table alongside of mine. His table manners, by the way, were better than those of some people I have known.

News of our gorillas spread rapidly, and our home soon became the goal of numbers of visitors. It was remarkable the interest these animals aroused. Even on our trip from the Congo to Nairobi natives were drawn by the hundreds, which seemed very unusual. We would stop at what appeared to be nothing but a cross-roads, and suddenly find the gorilla car surrounded by curious black men.

The stream of visitors became so heavy that we had about as much privacy as a bowl of goldfish. Motor car after motor car drove up to the house, and scores of people trampled grass and flowers to get a look at the apes. I posted up signs reading "Private property," "Please keep out," and the like, but they had no effect. Those people didn't believe in signs. Folks just got out of their machines and walked right in, morning, noon, or night. And it goes without saying that they asked endless questions.

The question put most frequently was whether the gorilla was more intelligent than the other apes. We had owned all four of the apes, and were in an authoritative position to have some definite ideas on the subject. While travelling in Borneo, Osa and I procured an orang-outang and a silver gibbon ape. We now had the gorillas and chimpanzees. Both the orang and the gibbon lived for nine years, and the latter travelled around the world with us.

In my opinion none of the apes possesses intelligence superior to that of the other three. They are widely different in their mental reactions, but so are different nationalities of people. To compare them would be somewhat like comparing such men as Edison, Hoover, Einstein, and Lindbergh as to intelligence. Each one of these men think along different lines, and each requires an individual standard measurement. So it is with the four anthropoid apes.

Teddy, our chimpanzee, was exceptionally quick at learning things. On seeing me do something—driving a nail, for instance—he would soon get

hold of the idea and try to carry out the action for himself. By the morrow, however, he would have completely forgotten the whole thing. In order to teach him anything constant repetition was necessary. And we could never impress upon his mind that stealing was wrong.

Okaro, the gorilla, on the other hand, was very slow in grasping an idea, but once he had it he never forgot. Both of these apes love jam, and Teddy deliberately taught Okaro to steal it. Teddy received hundreds of spankings for his pilferings, and it had not the slightest effect on him. Okaro was taught to let the jam alone, and it was quite safe to leave him in the room with a tin of jam, knowing that it would be untouched.

Our gibbon ape, after doing something it shouldn't, would hide away until it thought we had forgotten the transgression. The orang-outang would not hide, but she appeared so self-conscious and guilty after some misdemeanour that she often convicted herself of something that we were entirely unaware of. The following is a little intimate glimpse into the family life of our three baby pets.

As for Teddy, it was necessary to tie him up most of the time because he so consistently nosed around and got into things. His periods of freedom, which came every evening, were joyful events. Upon being freed he would immediately dash like a blue streak for the house, with Okaro and Bee Bee in his wake, going as fast as their little legs could carry them. The house would be in an uproar for the next hour with the romping trio—upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber, and in every place else. Like nothing so much as a gang of mischievous children with Teddy always in the lead.

First it would be Teddy chasing Okaro to get things properly started, then Okaro's turn would come. Little Bee Bee, who was just learning to walk, tried with all her might to join in every outburst or race, but after being rudely bowled over a few times in the mad scramble she would retire regretfully to a corner and become a spectator, changing her point of vantage whenever necessary in order not to miss any of the fun. As the combatants, racers, or whatever happened to rush by, she would cheer them on with an excited "Hoo, hoo!"

After this wild spurt of play Teddy would be taken out to the garage and locked up for the night, while Okaro, who absolutely refused to go into his box, as he always thoroughly disliked having a door closed behind him, would park himself luxuriously on the sofa in the living room. He would try manfully to keep awake, but in spite of all, his head would nod and nod, and then he would pull himself up with a jerk. After half an hour of this grownup effort of pretence at keeping awake, his resistance would be completely broken down, and he would sort of ease down into a comfortable sleeping position.

Like all little children when they insist on sitting up with their elders, he would have to be put to bed, and Osa would carry him out to his box and lay him gently down without waking him, locking him in. This was necessary on

account of the leopards and hyenas which often prowled around in our yard. Of course little Bee Bee had been in her own tiny bed long before this, and all was quiet.

In the morning, first thing, about five o'clock, the cook would open the doors of Okaro's and Bee Bee's private houses. Out Okaro would bound as if shot from a gun—a bee-line for the house and up to our bedroom. He would then begin a tattoo on the door, which continued until one of us, having been awakened, would let him in. He would dive for Osa's bed, crawl up and try to play if he had any encouragement. If not, he would crawl under the covers, pull them over him, and drop off to sleep for an hour, and allow us to do the same.

But after the hour was up, there was no more sleep for anyone. If Osa did not get up then, Okaro would proceed to pull the covers off; crawl all over the bed and under it; jump up and down on it; jump from the bed to the floor, and finish by pulling all the covers off the bed, if he hadn't gained his end before. He developed into an expert in jumping from one twin bed to the other.

About this time little Bee Bee would arrive on the scene after great difficulty in negotiating the stairs, the steps of which were too high for her short legs. It generally took her about half an hour to make the journey, but she persisted until she had reached her goal. And she too wanted to be taken into bed.

The gorilla, to my mind, is not a whit more intelligent than any of the other apes. There is a marked difference in all of them, from a mental standpoint, but I believe if some machine could weigh their intellects they would prove to be very nearly on a par.

The gorilla has caught the popular imagination because so little has been known about this animal, and because of the influence of imaginative writers who spin lurid yarns about this beast based on the feeble and usually erroneous reports that seep out of the dark continent. Some would have us believe that the gorilla is just one notch removed from man.

These apes, no doubt, possess a high degree of courage, else they would not charge a man and expose themselves so recklessly to danger. They are not vicious, however, and will not interfere with anyone who does not molest them. So far as concerns man, they want nothing to do with him.

As our experience in the Congo proved beyond a doubt the gorilla is not a dangerous animal. We certainly provoked them sufficiently to have aroused the desire to kill, but we were not injured and never found it necessary to shoot to protect ourselves. I have no doubt that now and then a gorilla will complete a charge and kill a man, but this would not hold as a general rule. When I was a kid herding cows in Kansas, we had a cow that was troublesome. Once this animal gored a boy and injured him badly, but we did not brand all cows dangerous on account of it.

I have often heard the expression, "He looked as fierce as a gorilla," and have wondered about its origin. I suppose it is based on early stories of this

animal, and on stuffed specimens arranged by taxidermists, who have given the faces the most ferocious expressions they could accomplish.

I have seen hundreds of gorillas and, when aroused or excited, they do not look fierce, mean, and murderous. In quiet moments these animals appear thoughtful, quiet, and curious, although their lips are curved with the hint of a sneer. In repose this feature makes them look more supercilious than cruel. This can be verified by visits to zoos in Washington, San Diego, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York, or to the Carl Akeley group mounted in the American Museum of Natural History. Akeley mounted them as he saw them.

There is one thing for which the male gorilla must be given credit. He is far more decent than the male monkey, baboon or any other of the three apes, and may be exhibited without embarrassing situations arising. The gorilla does not practise masturbation as much as his male cousins do. In fact gorillas are nearly de-sexed. When we captured our pair the black boys informed us that we had a male and a female. It was not until four months later that we knew which one was male and which female. Then we learned that Ingagi was the male and Congo the female.

It may be that this lack of sex development has caused many students of anthropology to fear that gorillas were in danger of becoming extinct. That theory doesn't hold much weight, however, after our experience in the gorilla country, where we saw numbers of the youngsters and babies, indicating that the propagation of the species is quite normal.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### A REAL HOME IN AFRICA

Before going any farther, I wish to correct an impression many people have to the effect that we always live a rough and rugged life while in Africa. Many of our old friends at home visualize us as living in a tangled, unhealthy jungle, with few conveniences, and scant comforts. In fact, in our old home town, Independence, Kans., our friends and relatives are always imploring us to return to the fold, settle down and lead a normal, safe and sound life.

Of course we do have our trials and tribulations on safari, but even then comfort can be had with a little effort. Also, most people picture a long, tedious, and boring trip to East Africa, which alone deters many from making the journey. Whereas, if one takes a ship at Naples, it is only a matter of seventeen days to Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, which is our nearest landing port, and there are several lines—German, Dutch, Union Castle, British India, or Messageries Maritimes—all with good boats, many of them having suites of rooms and private baths.

From Naples the steamers stop at Port Said; on through the Suez Canal to the city of Suez; through the Red Sea to Aden; down the east coast of Africa in the Indian Ocean to Mombasa, the port of entry for Kenya. At Mombasa there is always a boat train waiting at the docks. A few hours after landing passengers can leave Mombasa in comfortable cars, all of the compartment type, with running water in each, a dining car attached, and every convenience of a European train. One leaves Mombasa at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon and reaches Nairobi at half-past ten the next morning, a distance of 330 miles, climbing all the way until at Nairobi the altitude is more than a mile above sea level.

The train trip alone is worth the journey to East Africa. Travellers are amazed at the countless numbers of wild game grazing so peacefully along the way: giraffe, kongoni, zebra, wildebeest, Thompson's gazelle, Grant's gazelle, ostrich, impalla, warthogs, and sometimes rhino, lions, hyenas, jackals, and cheetahs. If it is a dry season the traveller will see many, many thousands; if it is the wet season he will see only a few thousands; no matter what the time of year more wild animals will show themselves than the stranger could have believed possible, even in the wilds of Africa.

Upon arrival in Nairobi the train pulls under a shed in a modern railway station; porters rush out for the baggage. In the station are a news-stand, a bar, a restaurant, and displays by the local stores.

Outside the station are taxi-cabs that will take you over well-paved streets

to any one of four good hotels. There are mounted police on beautiful horses, and black traffic policemen in the middle of the streets.

As for the shops, there are two fine department stores; two barber shops where, if you happen to be a woman, you can get as good a permanent wave as anywhere; and modern drug stores. A well-known camera company has a branch here, where moving-picture processing is done. There are fine cinemas, and you may eat the best chocolates and sweets made by local confectioners. On Sixth Ave you will see displays of every known brand of motor car. A daily paper that will surprise you. Newsboys in the streets. Women's shops where Paris models can be bought. Tailors for the men. In fact, Nairobi is actually civilized, and everything that can be bought at home can also be purchased there. An up-to-date aeroplane company carries passengers almost anywhere at rates not exceeding those charged by the taxicab companies. There are a race track and polo grounds. There are also two fine country clubs, where members enjoy almost every kind of sport. (At the Nairobi Club the wild game graze at night.)

Not long ago a herd of zebra ran through the main streets of Nairobi in the daytime. The American Consul had a leopard in his bathroom. At our home, hyenas, bushbuck, dyker, dik-dik, etc., come into the garden every night, and now and then we hear the roar of a lion in the distance. On a nice day I will take anyone twenty minutes from our home and guarantee to show them at least ten varieties of game grazing peacefully on the plains.

For twenty-two years Osa and I have lived on safari; in the South Seas, Borneo, Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, and Africa. For nineteen years we never had a home, although when we were first married in Kansas I promised Osa a home that would be as ideal as any. Never having travelled, she had visions of a settled and quiet life among our friends. Travelling never entered her thoughts—mine either at that time. The novelty of married life was so new that we never looked ahead—and Africa was far from our thoughts.

But a wonderful offer to show my South Sea pictures (made while I was with Jack London on the *Snark*) came from Kansas City a few weeks after we were married. We accepted, and made more money than I had ever made before that time. From the publicity we gained, we received other offers. Before we realized we were travelling West, then up into Canada, and were becoming troopers.

During this time the idea of making bigger and better films was being impressed upon me by the way the public was liking our rather mediocre films, and I suppose the desire to travel again into the wilds was talking hold of me, so we decided to go to the South Seas, and make a feature picture.

This was the beginning of our wanderings. Steamers, tents, native huts, and sleeping bags have been our home for years. Eventually we went up to the northern frontier of British East Africa, on the Abyssinian border, and built a permanent camp at Lake Paradise, where we lived for four happy years. Our houses were of grass and mud, and we even made a most pretentious effort at

building a home of stone which we quarried on the spot. But our work there came to an end. We had photographed every elephant, buffalo, rhino, and other animals in our forests; we even had names for them. So we decided to seek new fields.

We found the best places for our work were situated at every point of the compass radiating from Nairobi. It was impossible to build a permanent camp in any one place and still have a variety of game and natives to photograph. After much debating we decided to make Nairobi our headquarters, and to follow the game trails and seasons from the capital of Kenya.

By this time, however, the 'home' instinct was gaining on Osa. She wanted a real house, with permanent beds, and a garden where she could potter around. As she told me once: "When we were first married you promised me a palace, and the best you have given me has been a mud hut among savages. I want a home where I can stay put—for at least a month in the year."

So we started looking for a home, and stumbled on the very thing we wanted. Four miles from the Nairobi post office, in the most pleasing locality of the city, we found four acres of beautiful grounds with a two-story house set far back from the road, and within half a mile of one of the country clubs. It had been built by an Englishman who owned and managed large sisal estates. He was willing to sell at a reasonable figure, as most of his property was between Nairobi and Mombasa, and he was losing too much time in journeying backward and forward.

We bought the place, and started to improve it in accordance with our ideas of beauty and convenience. Sikh stone masons, carpenters, plumbers, and electricians were employed. The Sikh is the most intelligent type of craftsman from India: a big, good-natured, willing worker, and a man who is used to tropical building. Their pay averaged two dollars a day. They started to work at seven in the morning and finished at three in the afternoon. They did not stop work for lunch, and quit an hour earlier in Nairobi to make up for the four-mile walk they had each way.

It is a joy to work with these men, for they are polite and willing to obey orders to the letter. Their tools are mostly primitive but they know how to use them better than the most modern tools of the white man. Probably living on the opposite side of the globe to us "Westerners" is their excuse for using their tools in a manner opposed to ours. In sawing, they cut by "pulling" instead of "pushing" as we do. Toes and feet are also employed almost as much as are fingers and hands! They are prone, unless watched carefully, to swing doors and windows the wrong way, and locks are invariably put in upside down.

Our first job was the building of a combination garage and laboratory. Pressed cement blocks were bought in Nairobi and transported by ox carts. Native lumber was used for all woodwork, except for shelves, benches, and chairs which were made of the pine boards from the boxes in which my films and photographic goods had been packed. The carpenters enjoyed working with the pine boards because they were soft and easily worked, while the local

lumber is usually hard and cross-grained. In fact, most of the timber of the country is so hard and heavy that it will not float in water.

The laboratory is ninety feet long by twenty wide. At the extreme end is my drying room, where I have installed a big drying drum that will hold two thousand feet of film at one time. In this room shelves are built on all four walls up to the ceiling, to accommodate all my photographic material with the exception of sensitized films and papers. We built a vault off the drying room for all perishable material - dry and warm and good ventilation.

Then came the dark room where I have long a teakwood sink that is just the right height so that I do not have to stoop over while working on pictures. This sink is fifteen feet long, with water taps every foot along the sides. Six big wooden developing tanks line the walls for developing, fixing, and washing my films; these hold fifty-five gallons of solution each. I develop seven thousand feet of film in one batch of solution.

Around the room are scattered ruby lights at most convenient places, and dark green lights for use with panchromatic films. Shelves are in every nook and corner where there is room for them, to hold trays and small tanks, graduates, chemicals, etc. There is not a better fitted laboratory in America than this one that I have built in Africa.

I installed twelve hundred gallon water tanks at the corners of all buildings to catch the soft rain water, and have pipe lines running from all tanks to a larger tank just outside the dark room where the water is filtered before entering the laboratory. On all windows and doors is 180-mesh copper screening to keep out dust and insects, and iron bars are on all windows to keep out black pilferers.

Next to my laboratory is a garage for four big trucks. Here again shelves start at the bottom and run right up to the ceiling on three sides. Here are stored all the motor car spares.

Next to the garage and at the end of the building, is a combined engine and workroom, where I have lathes and tools of all kinds, and in one end is the Delco light plant. For six years this plant has been giving us wonderful service, with no objections to being moved about by us. It is a 32-volt plant, from which we run heaters, coffee percolators, soldering irons, knife sharpeners, fans; and our home, garages, and laboratory are all supplied with bulbs of from 25 to 100 watts. This wonderful plant has never given us the least trouble.

The next building is a combination three-car garage, with two large rooms built on the end for our personal boys' quarters. Each room houses four boys, and is wired with electricity.

Now as to our house—we are inordinately proud of it. It is built of local stone, quarried with a saw, which hardens after it is exposed to the sun. On the old English country-house style, it has nine large rooms and two halls as large as the average room. The roof, like those of the garage and laboratory buildings, is of red Bombay tile.

On the ground floor there is a large sitting-room with a big fireplace. (Very necessary, too, for it often gets really cold at night, at times going as low as fifty-three degrees.) Separating the living-room from the dining-room is a big arch, which makes the two rooms seem almost one.

Then there is our store room, built entirely of cement, cool, with big screened windows; being under a low, overhanging roof it does not need glass windows. A big cement table keeps perishable goods cool—or rather it did until we installed a big electric refrigerator. This store is a temptation for hungry mortals. We brought out from America nearly one hundred cases of every necessary food, and also brought scores of luxuries. Next to the store room is the downstairs washroom that we have also turned into a dispensary. Every known tropical medicine is to be found here, as well as dental forceps, a few surgical instruments, bandages, serums, and the like. Beyond that the pantry, with wash sink and drain-board, all compartments being screened in from ants and other insects.

And last, downstairs, is the kitchen, with a big built-in wood stove that has a hot water heater attached. In the opposite end we have just installed a big stove with four open burners and a big oven that converts petrol into gas.

Upstairs, off a large hall, we have our bedroom, two guest rooms, and a large bathroom fitted with all the latest equipment. Then there are three large closets and a big wardrobe and linen closet.

The ceilings are very high, all paneled with white enameled wood. The walls of the rooms are painted, each room a different colour to match the colour scheme of the furniture. The upstairs rooms are furnished with steel beds fitted with box springs and luxuriously comfortable mattresses. All our carpets are from India, in colours to match the colour schemes of the rooms.

We brought our own pictures from America, and Osa brought her glassware, china, silver, table linen, blankets, sheets, and towels.

We brought out two wireless sets—a fine massive one for the house, and a set that we take on safari. It certainly is wonderful to sit in our home and listen to England, Germany, and Holland. If we wish, however, to get America we must rise at four in the morning, when conditions are best for American reception. We are nearly seven hours ahead of New York, so that in order to hear a nine o'clock program in that city we must listen at four the next morning.

From our bedroom windows on one side of the house we can, on a clear morning, see Kilimanjaro, rising grand and magnificent, 110 miles away; we go to the other side and are rewarded with a glimpse of Kenya, snow capped and rugged, ninety miles to the north.

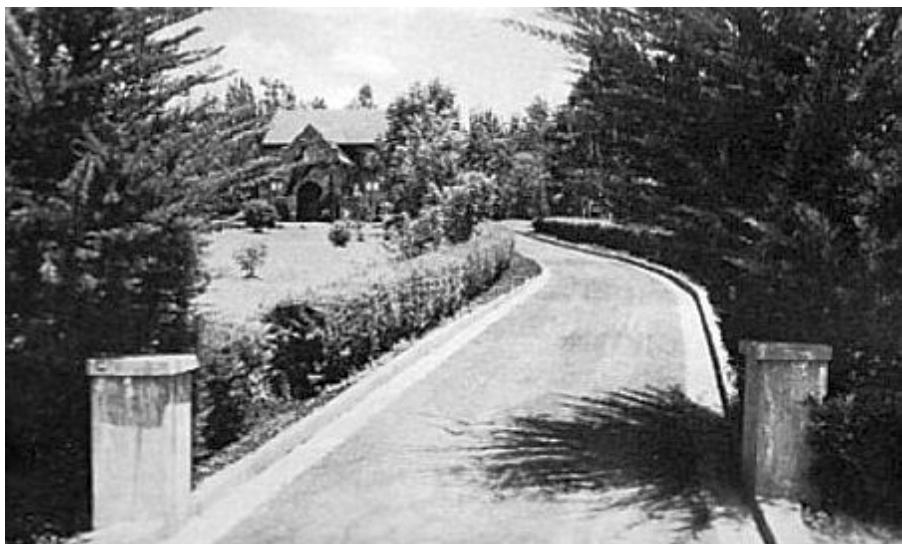
Our gardens, we think, are just about the loveliest in all Africa. Four acres of ground, one acre of which is a fruit orchard just beginning to bear; oranges, lemons, grapefruit, passion fruit or grenadilla, bananas, loquats, peaches, pears, plums, pineapples, strawberries, pawpaws (papayas) and alligator pears. These are not all confined to the orchard but are scattered throughout

the grounds.

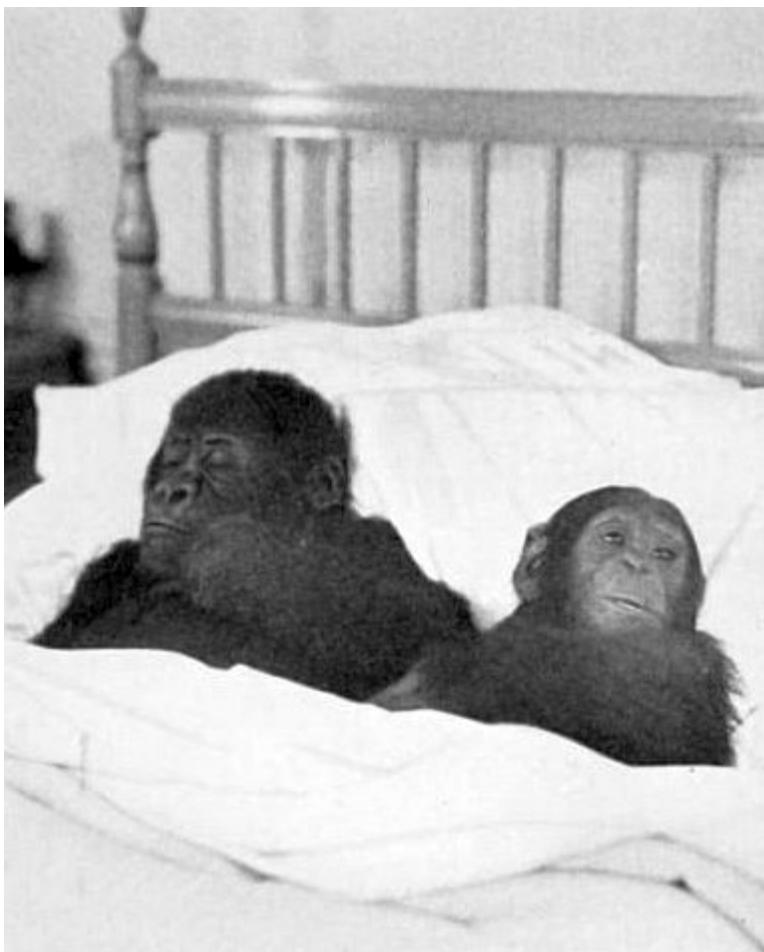
Then on the lawns are almost every kind of temperate and tropical shrub, bush, creeper, and tree. Bamboo clumps, pepper trees, gum trees (several varieties) black wattle, Uganda flame, sweet smelling mimosa with little yellow flowers. The creepers are represented by golden shower, bougainvillea, and English ivy. Then there are beds of Barberton daisies in a variety of colours - mauve, white, blue and scarlet, salvia; dahlias of all colours, with blossoms often the size of plates; carnations in multi-coloured array; a dozen varieties of roses; deep purple verbenas growing against vivid green hedges.

The wonderful climate permits the growing of every kind of tropical flower, vegetable, fruit, or tree right beside temperate climate vegetation. On no place on earth can more kinds of vegetation be found. The grass on our lawn is known as Kikuyu grass, a good substitute for blue grass and very hardy.

The driveway and the back of our premises have been paved with a rocky, clay-like substance known as murrum (actually lava from ancient eruptions). We have this laid over the ground, rolled with a half-ton roller, fine pebbles rolled into it, watered, rolled again and again, until it makes a substance as good as any of our paved roads.



Our home in Nairobi, of which we are very proud. After twenty-two years of roaming the world, it is the first permanent residence we have ever owned. Here we outfit and rest before and after our safaris throughout Africa.



Bee-Bee and Okaro (Snowball) retired for the night in my bed in Nairobi. When they were soundly asleep, I carefully lifted them out and placed them at the foot of the bed where they remained until morning.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### SIX FEET SIX INCHES FROM DEATH

Although we had completed the most interesting and productive adventure of our careers, the excitement and thrills of our latest African invasion were not at an end, as we learned on a comparatively short safari we made for the purpose of adding to our picture collection. This trip led us from Nairobi to Rattray's zebra farm, along the Guasho Nyero river and across the Kaisoot desert. While on it Osa twice was near the threshold of death.

We met Al Klein of Nairobi, acting as white hunter for Mr. Hope of Philadelphia, who was down with the fever. After our camp was in order, Al took me in his car to a waterhole some seven miles distant. On our return, at the entrance to the road, we met a lioness, as bold as any cat I have ever seen. She stood still as we approached within sixty feet of her. Then two young cubs came tumbling out of the grass. They jumped on their mother's back, growling and mauling her about in play. Al had a camera, but I had none. However, Mr Hope's camera was in the car. I got in, and the two of us began to make pictures.

While we were at it a big male lion walked out of the grass with majestic stride. He looked every inch a king, with his golden mane streaked with black, cresting a body perfectly formed and without a blemish. The big fellow walked to the lioness, head up, proudly, and then turned his nose toward herds of zebra, oryx, and gazelle feeding on the plains. He stared right past us, as though we were not there, arranging, I presume, for a night hunt with his mate. It was as charming a lion family as has ever been seen, and the animals posed, absolutely ignoring us. Then all four of them trotted leisurely away.

We travelled about to various waterholes, taking pictures and observing the wild life about us. Lions roared every night, and Osa decided to try for a night picture. We picked out a spot that seemed suitable, and killed a zebra for bait. Osa's car, with bedding on the floor, was backed to within thirty feet of the kill. There she waited, with camera and flash ready, and luck was with her as a big male came to the kill early in the evening.

In order to make the lion look up, Osa threw a beam of light from a five-cell Eveready torch she carried, just before snapping the picture. While she slept next day I developed the plate, which worked out beautifully. The flashlight, however, made the cat squint, and the photograph turned out to be the most comical lion picture in our collection.

While driving through tall grass in the afternoon we nearly ran over a sleeping bull rhino. The animal had only one horn, but this was as sharp as a

needle and thirty inches long. There was no time to use a camera, and we were lucky to have been able to frighten him from charging by firing into the ground at his feet.

Only a mile from camp we met four full-grown, maned lions near a zebra kill. They seemed as friendly as house cats. They were full of food, and did not care to move. As we approached, three of them held their ground, while the fourth, and largest, slipped away and crouched in the grass, hidden from us. We took pictures of the three, and then started to drive our car toward the fourth. He continued to retreat in grass four feet high that prevented me from taking pictures. Thinking to herd him into one of the small rocky clearings near by, we circled round, and lost track of him.

I was on top of the machine, trying to find the lion, when suddenly I heard a shot accompanied by a piercing scream. I looked round, to see the lion dead, six feet from the car. The beast, enraged by our attempts to chase him from the grass, had leaped at Osa. The only thing that saved her life was the fact that she had her rifle ready to shoot. How she could have glimpsed that lion, aimed, and fired a fatal shot all in the fraction of a minute was more than I could understand. It was an act of Providence that protected her from injury or death. We could not get the lion into the car by ourselves, it was so heavy, so I stayed with the carcass while Osa drove back for our boys, who took the beast in and skinned it. The lion was one of the best specimens we saw on the northern frontier.

The very next day Osa met with an experience that gave us both a chill. She remained in camp to sort out provisions while I went on a brief rhino excursion alone. When I returned at noon Osa ran up to me; her face was white.

“Oh, Martin,” she said, “this trip seems worse than the gorilla safari.”

“What’s the matter?” I asked.

She then led me into the provision tent and showed me a pile of dead black cobra. There were two large ones and five baby snakes. Osa had lifted a chop box under which they were nesting, and the two large ones raised their heads, flattened their hoods, and coiled immediately. She saw them in time to leap out of danger, and called the black boys to kill them. It was a distressing experience. Osa does not like snakes at all, and neither do I—especially cobras, which are deadly poisonous.

The rest of our trip was almost as pleasant as a summer outing. We established a camp in a beautiful glade of trees along the Guasho Nyero river, from which I continued my efforts to photograph rhinos. Our position was sheltered from the intense heat during the day by the heavy trees, and was cool at night. Okaro, Teddy, Elanor, and Bee Bee had a great time playing about on the branches. We detailed a black boy to watch them. Not that we were afraid they would run away, but we feared they would wander into the bushes where a hyena, leopard, or snake might kill them. Then, too, there was always the possibility of their going on an exploring expedition of their own

into our tents.

Each evening at dinner our pets sat down at the table with us, and later curled up at our feet as we sat about reading magazines. It was a droll domestic scene: Osa and I with a gorilla, two chimpanzees, and a monkey, sitting there in the wilds as peacefully as parents and their children gathered round the hearth at home.

Returning to Nairobi we added yet another member to our menagerie. This was Bong, a cheetah, that had been reared from a baby by a farm woman. The cheetah is the nearest animal to a cross between a dog and cat I know of. It has a light, sandy coat, dotted like the fur of a leopard. Its paws, however, are like those of a dog. The claws are not retractile, which is a characteristic of the cat family. Although born of beasts of prey, Bong was as gentle as a puppy, and just as friendly. He would follow us about like a well-trained dog, and was not a bit dangerous, although strangers eyed him askance and were nervous when he was about. Bong, like the rest of our animals, demanded attention, and when we petted him, purred in supreme contentment, just like a cat. He seemed quite at home in our private zoo, although the rowdy young apes got on his nerves at times.

I now determined to apply myself to the work of developing pictures, but this was not to be. We received news of a flamingo migration, a wonderful sight to witness, and motored a hundred miles north-west of Nairobi to the estate of Coswell Long on Lake Nakuru. There we beheld a scene that was worth while a trip round the world.

The lake, with thirty miles of shore line, was rimmed with flamingoes. There were actually billions of these birds in view, and they floated so closely to each other that the water was not visible for yards from the shore line. It is even difficult to imagine such a number of birds gathered in one place.

The flamingoes are white and pink in colour, but at a distance the pink predominates, and the entire lake appeared as if it were lined with coral. With a slight breeze blowing to stir up gentle waves, the shore line made a gorgeous living picture as the flamingoes rocked lightly in an ever-moving mass of colour, occasionally dipping long bills into the water from which they abstracted the tiny organisms that supply their food.

Upon our return to Nairobi after this excursion, I did stick to my task of developing pictures, but Osa grew restless.

"I'm going after a bonga," she announced, with the clear light of determination in her eye, and there was no detaining her.

The bonga, one of the largest of antelopes, is of the eland tribe, and very rare. It lives among bamboo in surroundings cold and miserable. The senses of hearing, sight, and smell of this animal are so highly developed that few people ever get close enough to see one. Few men have shot a bonga, and Osa is the second woman I ever heard tell of getting one.

Osa decided to go into the Aberdare mountains on her hunt, and the safari cars were packed again. I travelled with her seventy miles into the foothills,

where a permanent camp was established, and we enjoyed a good night's sleep, although rain poured down. In the morning I selected thirty porters, a couple of guides, and several young boys who were anxious to make the trip. The mountainside looked cold and inhospitable. Low clouds reached down to brush against the peaks, and rain was imminent. I tried to dissuade Osa from her project, but she was determined. So about ten o'clock I watched the safari wend its way up into the hills, and then returned to Nairobi.

Five days later, in the evening, a car came into camp. In it was a beautiful bonga hide with 28-inch horns, a large bonga roast, and two dozen trout each weighing more than a pound. A note from Osa told me more about the kill.

After two days of heart-breaking travel, she reached the bonga habitat. On the third morning the guides picked up a bonga trail, and there followed one of the most persistent hunts on record. All day long, hour after hour, Osa continued to follow the tracks, over hills, around slippery mountain sides, and through deep gullies. About four in the afternoon the quarry was sighted. Then slowly, on hands and knees, Osa crept forward, finally getting within range of the big bull drinking from a trout stream. One shot from her rifle found the animal's heart, and he dropped stone dead.

Rain began to fall, but Osa would not leave the kill. She had the boys build a shelter of bamboo, and huddled in it all night while the bonga was being skinned. The next day she sent the hide back to our home but remained to fish, take pictures of the scenery, and do some work on her "Jungle Babies" stories.

A week later Osa stumbled home, covered with mud from head to foot, soaked with rain, and utterly exhausted. Her feet had been wet most of the time, and the skin had rubbed from her toes while climbing around in the mountains. These abrasions became infected, and she was in bed for a week, attended by a physician and a nurse—but she got her bonga.

The very same day that Osa got out of bed she entered the gorilla cage and was attacked by Ingagi. The ape bit her on the hand and arm, and she was again under the care of a physician for several days.

## CHAPTER XXV

### WE BRING OUR MENAGERIE HOME

It was now time to think of returning to America after our two years' trip into the land of pygmies and gorillas. These were busy days at Nairobi. We had to prepare special cages for our animals, slash through ribbons of red tape, arrange for transportation, and see to it that our Nairobi home was cared for.

We selected two natives who took the most interest in the animals to accompany us back to America. One of these was Aussaine, a Mohammedan, about forty-five years old, the other Manuelli, a Catholic, about thirty-five. Neither of these boys had ever been far from their native heath, and the trip promised to be one great adventure for them. Both, of course, spoke Swahili, but they could not understand each other's native tongue, neither did they know English. Aussaine spoke Buganda, and Manuelli Kavarando.

Included in the party besides the natives and ourselves were the two big gorillas, Ingagi and Congo; the chimpanzees, Teddy and Bee Bee; the young gorilla, Okaro; Elanor, the Colobus monkey; Kimo, a white-nosed Congo monkey; and Bong, our beautiful cheetah. We arranged for a special railway car to carry us to Mombasa, where we boarded the steamer *Njassa*. The animals were quartered on the captain's deck.

We sailed seven days before reaching Aden, and were five days on the Red Sea to the Suez Canal, through which we passed in twelve hours, reaching Port Said, from where we travelled six days to Genoa, Italy.

Going through the Red Sea the heat was actually killing. Two passengers died from it, and seven others were made desperately ill. The gorillas, unaccustomed to such weather, were in a sorry plight under their heavy coats of fur. Sweat rolled from their faces and hands. We kept them supplied with fresh water in tubs, which probably kept them alive. The animals crawled into the tubs and stayed there by the hour.

On reaching Genoa we were not permitted to land the animals, and I chartered a lighter for them which we anchored in the bay, with Aussaine and Manuelli staying aboard. I wanted to give the boys a real outing, so I decided to take them ashore one at a time. Manuelli made the first trip, and I took him about in a taxicab for two hours.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked him on getting back to the lighter.

"I never knew there were so many Italians in the world," he replied. "This town is not as nice as Nairobi."

The next day Aussaine wearing his red fez accompanied me. I left him in

a taxicab while I visited a kodak shop. When I returned to him in about fifteen minutes he was the centre of a crowd of about a hundred people. Aussaine of course wore regular clothing, with the exception of his red fez, but he struck the Genoa public as something unusual. He was boiling with anger at the attention he was receiving.

"What do these people think I am—a wild animal?" he exploded.

Aussaine was still put out about the crowd staring at him when we returned to the lighter. I could never get either boy ashore at Genoa afterward.

We waited in Genoa four days for the steamer *Excalibur*, of the American Export Lines. This ship, of nearly 9,000 tons, accommodates 120 passengers, and is almost as last as the big Atlantic liners. The food and service on it are perfect. We had a suite of three rooms, and two baths, with every comfort to be found, even running ice water.

A special house was built on deck to shelter the animals from cold weather, which Captain Walters thought we might strike in crossing the ocean. With the exception of the two large gorillas, our animals took possession, and were all over the boat, making friends with everyone.

It was on the *Excalibur* that our two black boys first smoked American cigarettes. They became devotees of nicotine served in this manner, and smoked all the time. What they did when they got back to Africa without these cigarettes I do not know. The boys came into contact with the luxuries of the dining-table also. They were served with soups, entries, desserts, and all the other items that go to make up a first-class meal. I had arranged with a Mohammedan priest, at a cost of thirty shillings, so that it would be permissible for Aussaine to eat meat not killed according to his religious requirements, and there was no reason for him to deny himself anything at the table—which, by the way, he did not do. This food was decidedly in contrast to the native diet of the boys. At home they lived largely on posho, a corn-meal mush.

Our ship stopped at Marseilles, France, passed the Rock of Gibraltar and in twelve days after leaving Genoa we were welcomed by the Statue of Liberty in New York bay. As we entered the harbour, the tall buildings made little impression on our two African natives. They seemed to take it all as a matter of course. Like their relatives at home they think that the white man can do anything, and would only be amazed at something he could not accomplish. When some new wonder is brought to their attention in Africa, the natives have a saying, "shuirie mazunga," which means "It is the business of the white man," and that settles practically everything.

I provided a bond for the black boys, who were permitted to remain in the United States only three months, and arranged to quarter the animals in the Central Park Zoo. I then got the boys two rooms with a bath between, near the Park, an unheard of luxury for them. At home they did not even know what a bed was.

For ourselves we rented a penthouse not far from the Park, and there we

often entertained our young animals. Okaro, after staying all night with us once, let down the supports of our breakfast table, spilling coffee and the rest of the food on the floor. He then rolled in the poached eggs. Osa punished him, and shut him up in the bedroom, where he found more diversion in the form of Osa's powder and lipstick. He then put the alarm clock on the floor, got into bed, covered himself up, and went to sleep. Such antics as these are expected from Teddy, who lived up to his reputation by upsetting a bottle of ketchup in our apartment, for which he was soundly spanked.

Bong was also an occasional visitor, but not often, as he had a complete aversion to entering a taxicab. He pulled so hard on his leash when we led him into a machine that I feared he would break away, which would probably have caused a panic in New York, although the animal is harmless.

Naturally I wanted to impress Aussaine and Manuelli with the greatness of New York, so took them for motor car rides about the city. They were as sophisticated as world travellers, however, and refused to be impressed even by the tallest buildings. To them it was simply "white men's business," which meant that nothing was to be unexpected. Broadway, they agreed, was a nice "government road," and after a ride on the elevated railway past tenement houses they spoke of the people as living in nests like birds.

Upon the occasion of their trip to Harlem the boys became nine-day wonders in this large section settled by their American cousins. We found ten residents of the district who spoke Swahili, and no less than a dozen societies having to do with Central Africa. All of these groups were interested in the boys. One of these societies was of a religious nature, believing that Abyssinia was the mother of mankind, and that all men eventually will return to this parent at a time when white and black men are equal.

Then the boys were taken up by a group of Communists. These people told them that there was no place like Russia, where white and black men were equal, and began to teach them doctrines of the Soviet with the intention of converting them into disciples to carry on the cause in Africa. I began to fear that the boys would be spoiled by these attentions, and was worried. They came to work in the mornings with heavy eyes, clearly the result of late hours, although I saw nothing which led me to believe that they had been drinking. They had many visitors at the zoo, some of whom they could converse with in Swahili. The two began to pick up a few English words, but had little success with the language. Then Aussaine and Manuelli went almost completely bolsheviki. They reported at the zoo at eight o'clock one morning, and I severely berated them for it.

"White men don't go to work until eight o'clock. They take an hour for lunch and quit at five," so Manuelli informed me.

I soon got the idea out of their heads, and the offense was not repeated again. The boys were on duty from seven in the morning until seven in the evening. All their duties consisted of was feeding the animals and cleaning the cages, which was no heavy task for two men. Most of the day they spent at the

refreshment stand eating ice cream cones and cracker jack, and smoking cigarettes.

The novelty of the boys from Africa soon wore off, and they were dropped by most of their Harlem acquaintances. They met two intelligent coloured women, who proved a good influence for them. These women were nicely dressed and cultured. They took a lively interest in the two Africans, and invited them to dinner about twice a week.

Our menagerie began to break up when we reached America. Bee Bee was taken to the Long Island home of DeWitt. Elanor, the Colobus monkey, and Kimo, the white nosed Congo monkey, were sent to the St. Louis Zoological Gardens. As I write this Ingagi and Congo are still in the Central Park Zoo, growing bigger every day.\* Teddy and Okaro are near them in the elephant house, wrestling, fighting and playing together, which they do all day long. Bong is in a runway by himself, lonesome I am afraid, away from his friends. I visit the animals twice every day. They are all healthy, good natured, and always glad to see me.

\*Ingagi and Congo were later sent to the San Diego, California Zoo, where they will have a better chance of a long life than anywhere I know of. They will have a very large open-air cage, with trees to play in and a climate very similar to their Congo habitat. Here they will be accessible to scientists and all who wish to study them. It will be interesting to watch their growth as the years go by.

Now that I have my animals safely in America I am sorry that I brought them home. To see Ingagi and Congo imprisoned behind iron bars and steel netting in a space far too small, when only a few months ago they had the wide space of the Congo in which to roam, makes me regret their capture. And then there is Elanor, that blaze of living colour that flashed across Central Africa with us, playing in the trees, laughing, happy. It makes me sad to think that her life must be spent in confinement along with Kimbo, the jolly Congo monkey. I only hope that the persons into whose keeping these beautiful monkeys have fallen will understand them and permit them to romp about in the open now and then. If properly treated they will not run away, and they are as harmless as birds in the tree tops.

I see a life of idleness and confinement ahead for poor Bong. He is large, resembling a leopard to such a degree that people will look at this gentle cheetah and be afraid and unintentionally cruel. All of his days, I fear, will be passed in narrow, uncomfortable runways.

Bee Bee, I know, will have a good home with DeWitt and, for a while, Teddy and Okaro will find some pleasure in existence, but they too will reach maturity and find themselves behind the bars. This fate is certain for Okaro, the little gorilla.\* No doubt he will become as huge and powerful as his mammoth ancestors of the mountains, but I know he will never become mean or ugly. Teddy has a better chance for comparative freedom, because he is smart and easily trained, although not as desirable a companion as the young

gorilla.

\*It was through the kindness of Dr William M. Mann, Director of the Smithsonian Zoological Gardens in Washington, D.C., that we were able to secure our first permit from the Belgian Government to capture a gorilla . . . with the stipulation that it was to go to their Zoo when I had completed our photographic studies. So in following out our promise we sent Okaro there. In making the presentation we also gave them Teddy, as he and Okaro were such good friends that we did not consider it humane to separate them. We have since seen them in their new home and they seem healthy and happy. The Zoological officials have promised them a large open-air cage to play in when weather conditions permit.

There are some who will tell you that animals are better off in captivity away from the perils and hardships of their natural existence, but I do not hold with this belief. I am thinking especially of the caged animals that spend their days in narrow confinement. They would like to get out in the grass and roll around as in their wild days; they long to romp and play in the golden sun as God intended them to do. When you see one of the cat family pacing restlessly backward and forward in his cage it is not because he is anxious to bite a piece out of you. He wants to break loose into the open—to run, jump, toss, and tumble, to glory in the exercise of muscles long unused.

I have no quarrel with zoos. I like to visit them, and study the animals. But I must say that it is cruel to keep the animals penned up the way they are in such places in the civilized world. The poor dumb brutes cannot complain of their quarters, which are usually far too small. They are often forced to live on cement floors, which cause them to contract rheumatism and rickets. And no matter how conscientious their keepers may be, the food cannot compare in healthfulness with that which they obtain in their wild state.

I can safely say that the death-rate among inmates of zoos is from fourteen to thirty-five per cent, a year. Of course, beasts and birds, as a rule, are allotted a short span of life at best, but I feel that many of them reach early graves because of improper treatment in captivity, and it must be difficult for them to find happiness behind cold bars. This may not hold true with animals born and reared in cages, but even these must sometimes feel the primal urge of their blood for liberty and the open spaces.

Another pitiful part about the whole business is the manner in which many wild animals are captured. As mentioned before, mothers are often killed to make their young ones easy prey. Cruel traps are used in which beasts are tortured, and often maimed. After that come the hardships of transportation which the captives must undergo, sometimes in cages so low that they are unable to stand up. Not more than one in twenty-five animals that are sent from their native habitats to zoos survive the trip. Naturally, the death-rate is highest when they are first captured.

Do I hear a voice say, "Then why did you capture your gorillas? Why don't you take them back where they came from?"

To which I answer that I am truly sorry that I did take them away from their mountain side. If I were to return them they would probably be set upon

and killed by their own kind, or forced to lead a life of loneliness and privation at best. They have been completely alienated from their native home. I doubt if they could survive at all if taken back. I doubt if they could find food, for it is said that an animal loses its instinct to find its own food if taken away from its natural habitat for any length of time.

Fate already has spun the wheel for the members of our once happy menagerie. My hand can no longer stay its course. Again I say, I regret having brought these animals to civilization. I will never send another into captivity, although I am satisfied that all our pets are now quartered in homes that are as ideal as zoological conditions permit.

